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EDITORIAL

DEATH OF A PRINCIPLE

The last time we had occasion to comment on the attempt by a private interest to censor a television program, the protester was Mobil Oil Corporation. Mobil was concerned that Saudi Arabia would be offended by *Death of a Princess*, which showed the brutal execution of a Saudi princess for adultery. Now various Jewish organizations and others have protested the airing of *Playing for Time*, Arthur Miller's searing study of survival in a death camp, because its star, Vanessa Redgrave, is a visible supporter of the Palestine Liberation Organization, which has yet to renounce its pledge to destroy Israel.

Together, these examples ought to illustrate the folly and danger to democracy of trying to censor and/or blacklist art or artists. Mobil asked that the Public Broadcasting Service not show *Death of a Princess* because it was not "in the best interest of the United States," by which it meant the best interest of Saudi Arabia and the best interest of Mobil. Those protesting against the casting of Redgrave were not content to stop with making their views known or even with calling for a viewer boycott of the show. Some went further and talked of boycotting the sponsors.

Whose interests are served by such tactics? Who ultimately benefits, if we permit television shows with politically controversial stars or material to be cancelled in response to economic pressure from groups with a political ax to grind? Clearly the oil companies have more influence in the economy of television than any Jewish or other domestic pressure group. And clearly the oil companies have a stake in not offending the Arabs on whose good will so much of their business depends. Do we really want to place our airwaves at the beck and call of those who shout loudest, when the most influential shouters include countries that routinely ban the films of Frank Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor?

THE ATOMIC TEST LOBBY
Norman Solomon

ABORIGINES AROUSED
Kenneth Liberman

HISS: A NEW BALL GAME
Fred J. Cook

PARAGUAY
Penny Lernoux

ALAN PATON
Tamar Jacoby

HAROLD CLURMAN
Robert Hatch
Irving Howe
Arthur Miller
Irwin Shaw

THE NEW 'WORLD CAR'

DETROIT DOWNSIZES U.S. JOBS

HARLEY SHAIKEN

In Detroit, fall marks the beginning of the new model year; it is a time of hope. This year, the optimism is more fervent than ever, as the auto makers bank on a new generation of small cars to pull them out of the worst cyclical downturn since World War II. Battered by economic recession and the inroads of foreign competition, the U.S. producers have been plunged into a bath of red ink and may lose a record-breaking $3.5 billion in 1980.

The hoopla attending the industry's efforts to woo back the fickle American car buyer has diverted attention from the profound structural transformation that is taking place as auto makers race to install the latest forms of computer technology, downsize cars, automate factories and restructure operations on a global scale. This transformation is symbolized by the "world car," a fuel-efficient vehicle manufactured and marketed throughout the world. Its success could restore the ailing U.S. manufacturers to corporate health.

The revitalized auto industry that emerges, however, will be one that employs far fewer workers and produces more of its basic components outside the United States. This means a bleak future for many of the 250,000 auto workers now on indefinite layoff, and may pose the most serious challenge the United Automobile Workers union faces in the coming decade.

A troubling paradox also exists for Government planners seeking to aid the industry: measures that make the auto makers more competitive may cost jobs and close plants in already

(Continued on Page 345)

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LETTERS.

ONE-SIDED AND SIMPLISTIC

Berkeley, Calif.

The Nation made an unfortunate decision in its publication of Fred J. Cook's "The Natural Gas Boom" [July 12]. Cook's factual errors and glossy simplifications mar what otherwise may be a correct, if perhaps overly optimistic, picture of America's natural gas future.

My first two comments refer to Cook's discussion of energy supply issues. First, Cook never makes the very important distinction between resources and reserves. *Resources* refers to the total quantity of in-place energy regardless of the economic costs, the environmental costs and the technological ability to exploit the resource. *Reserves* is defined in different ways depending on the resource in question, but is generally used to refer to the quantity of the resource that is economically recoverable with current technology. The relation of reserves and resources figures deserves some attention from the author.

Second, Cook begins a string of calculations by defining a quad of energy as one trillion B.T.U.s. This is too small by a factor of 1,000. If Cook's calculations were internally consistent beyond this initial mistake, one would expect the later figures to be low by 1,000 also. Unfortunately this is not the case. Assuming a generalized figure of 6 million B.T.U.s per barrel of crude, a quad is the equivalent of 170 million and not 653,163 barrels of oil. Thus, residential and commercial uses of petroleum, using Cook's figure of 29.526 quads, equals about 5 billion barrels of oil equivalent of primary energy. Whether Cook's calculations are based on primary or net energy figures, the latter taking account of the efficiency with which the energy of petroleum combustion can be utilized, is ambiguous.

Finally, with respect to geopressured methane, Cook provides a very rosy view that takes account of none of the negative aspects of resource exploitation. One cannot have geopressured methane and cheap controlled gas prices. Estimates of the cost of geopressured methane extraction are on the order of about $8 to $20 per 1,000 cubic feet. Current unconventional gas prices, partially decontrolled, are only about $5.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. Cook in effect lumps all gas resources together by not considering the costs and difficulties particular to each source.

Cook makes no mention of the potential environmental problems of brine disposal and surface subsidence associated with producing geopressured methane in the low-lying Gulf Coast.

Cook may be correct in his optimistic assessment of geopressured methane. There are several untested methods of methane extraction that may lower costs and the magnitude of the brine disposal problem while increasing the total amount of recoverable methane in each reservoir. Nevertheless, Cook and *The Nation* do their readers a disservice in portraying natural gas issues in a one-sided simplistic manner. *Peter M. Deibler*

COOK REPLIES

Interlaken, N.J.

I'll plead guilty to one stupid mistake in the natural gas story I wrote for *The Nation*. A quad does represent a quadrillion B.T.U.s, not a trillion. But, otherwise, the thrust of the article stands. Peter Deibler's distinction between resources and reserves does not alter the fact that, since I wrote the article, almost weekly reports of new gas discoveries, being brought in by present technology, demonstrate that the resources are here now.

Space does not permit me to list all the discoveries, many of them huge. Here is a sample: In July, McMoRan Oil & Gas announced finding a Louisiana well, flowing at a rate of 7.5 million cubic feet a day; El Paso announced a second discovery in the Tuscaloosa Trend, flowing at a rate of 6.6 million cubic feet; Apache, a Lake Charles, Louisiana, well, flowing at a rate of 5 million cubic feet; Indiana Standard, an Overthrust well, flowing at 10 million cubic feet; Exxon, a well near Mobile, Alabama, flowing at 2.8 million.

In August and September, Shell completed an Anadarko well, flowing at 3.7 million cubic feet; Amoco, an Overthrust well, flowing at 4.1 million; Union Texas Petroleum, a Wheeler County, Texas, well, flowing at 2.43 million; Texaco found a second gas pool in Solano County, California, with two wells, flowing at rates of 3.4 million and 3.2 million; McMoRan announced development of a well in the Gulf of Mexico, flowing at 10.2 million cubic feet; Amoco announced discovery of two wells in Michigan, flowing at 3.8 million and 2 million; Houston Oil and Minerals announced two wells in Wyoming were awaiting pipeline connections, and Gulf Oil & Exploration announced a "significant" find in the Gulf with 140 feet of "net gas sands."

Even this partial accounting—and it *is* partial—demonstrates, I think, the enormous resources coming on line *now*. The record of the past months certainly indicates that additional resources will be brought on line by conventional drilling without even taking into consideration the enormous deeper reserves that geologists insist exist.

Fred J. Cook

DOUBTED U.S.L.P.

Camas, Wash.

Your article on Lyndon LaRouche and the United States Labor Party [Frank Donner and Randall Rothenberg, "The Strange Odyssey of Lyndon LaRouche," *The Nation*, Aug. 16-23] brought back to my mind some particularly unpleasant memories of a passing acquaintance with this group. I was, for a short time, attracted to the U.S.L.P. because it seemed "revolutionary" and "uncompromising." Even then, however, I had my doubts.

Now that Donner and Rothenberg have exposed the fascist nature of the U.S.L.P., I feel that my decision to break off all contact with the cult was one of the wisest decisions I ever made. Who knows, I might have become a paranoid zombie follower of LaRouche had I continued my contacts with his followers.

This is the most extensive exposé of the U.S.L.P. I have read. Keep up the good work! *Frank W. Goheen*

AUTHOR'S QUERY

Michael Mott is currently engaged in writing the biography of Thomas Merton (1915-68), and has exclusive access to all unpublished material in the files of the Thomas Merton estate. He is anxious to contact all those who knew Merton personally at any stage of his life and may be reached c/o Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107.

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EDITORIALS.

Bad Debts

The rising tide of protest over the international financial system's glaring failure to deal with the massive problems of Third World debt and development, dramatized by Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley's break with the International Monetary Fund, has forced the world's financial managers to make some minor concessions:

§ Total annual lending by the World Bank will rise from $12 billion to $20 billion by 1985.

§ For the first time, the I.M.F. will subsidize interest payments on Fund loans to the poorest Southern countries.

§ Each nation's right to borrow against its pro rata contribution to the I.M.F.'s pool of funds has been raised from 125 percent to 200 percent per year.

§ The World Bank's new energy program will increase its funding for the development of Third World energy resources from $13 billion to $25 billion by 1985.

But the really substantive demands of the Southern nations, articulated most forcefully in the Arusha Initiative, have been ignored. Drafted early last July at a meeting hosted by President Julius Nyerere in Tanzania, the Arusha Initiative argues:

> The IMF has proved to be a basically political institution. It tends to reproduce colonial relationships by constraining national efforts which promote basic structural transformations in favour of the majorities. . . . The IMF medicine systematically favours the more conservative sectors of society and traditional centers of power. . . . The Fund's policies, conceived to achieve "stabilization," have in fact contributed to destabilization and to the limitation of democratic processes.

The document concludes that a new international monetary system must be built along democratic lines and calls for greater Southern representation. Southern nations currently

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have 33 percent of the votes in the governing councils of the Fund; their demands for 45 percent of the votes are strenuously opposed by the United States, which holds an effective veto with 19 percent of the Fund's votes.

Evidently, nothing will change so long as the I.M.F. and the World Bank remain Northern-dominated institutions. Indeed, the aforementioned "reforms" to liberalize I.M.F. lending will in fact benefit the North more than the South. For example, the increased lending program will be financed by additional World Bank and I.M.F. borrowing from commercial banks, which are now awash in surplus petrodollars deposited by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Commercial banks, such as Citicorp which today earns some 60 percent of its profits from politically risky loans made to the Third World, have been casting about for ways to insure their investments. One form of insurance might be increased defense spending on a Rapid Deployment Force, which will rush in to shore up politically shaky client regimes. Another is to have the I.M.F. and the World Bank underwrite the commercial banks' investments by rolling over their Third World loans and liberalizing monetary requirements set for I.M.F. bail-outs.

As a result of the developed countries' continued domination, an alliance has been joined between Northern banking interests and the indigenous urban elite in Southern nations who depend on these banks' loans to maintain their own economic privileges in the teeth of the rising expectations of the impoverished rural underclass. Such a transnational alliance can only prolong the misery of billions of people in the Third World. Nor will it address the phenomena of simultaneous inflation and growing unemployment that afflicts Western economies.

The fundamental question that must be confronted is, How can both Northern and Southern countries achieve self-sufficiency in basic human needs (food, housing, medical care, education and employment), strike a more equitable division of the world's resources and still meet the politically explosive demands for equity among their own countrymen? A difficult question—and one for which the World Bank and the I.M.F. as yet have no answers.

Favors Received

An intriguing bit of information about the press briefly bobbed to the surface of the news this past summer, a tidbit certain to fuel the suspicions of those media watchers who tend to believe that in journalism the fix usually is on.

"Top Journalists Took the Shah's Champagne," read *The Los Angeles Herald Examiner*'s headline over a piece by syndicated columnists Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer. The early August column was based on a media gift list kept by Ardeshir Zahedi, the late Shah of Iran's son-in-law and Ambassador to the United States when the end came.

According to the two columnists (the first journalists to write about the list who had actually seen it), the suave Zahedi was responsible for a systematic public relations campaign that included extensive gift-giving and lavish parties. A 135-page log kept by the Iranian Embassy included the names of more than 500 journalists, editors, publishers, newscasters, broadcasting executives and so on. Few of the powerhouses of mainstream media failed to make it. The gifts ranged from Cartier silverware sets and tins of Beluga caviar to boxes of pistachio nuts and bottles of champagne.

For whatever reasons, the story of Zahedi's generosity toward media types, including Barbara Walters, David Brinkley, Tom Brokaw, Marquis Childs, Irving R. Levine, Marvin Kalb and so many others, has not received much play in the nation's press.

What few ripples have disturbed an otherwise placid pond have revolved around the obvious question of whether it is possible to influence journalists earning six- or seven-figure salaries by presenting them with a $215 tin of caviar. Such a focus, unfortunately, gives the journalists who received the gifts, yet who still argue they were not influenced by them, an advantage over critics of press performance in Iran. How can the fair-minded critic help but agree that a case of red wine probably doesn't explain why a wealthy columnist was soft on the Shah and hard on the revolution?

There is another perspective on Zahedi's largess, however, that might lead to a more productive analysis. Why not take the Ambassador at his word and conclude that his presents were just what he said they were: gifts. Not bribes. Gifts. Under this assumption, it is not unreasonable to see the champagne and caviar as tokens of appreciation for what Zahedi clearly believed to be a generally "good press" for the Shah's regime—a way of recognizing and consolidating a useful relationship. The gifts were not so much causes as they were effects. In this context, it does not matter whether journalists kept the gifts or returned them—as many say they did. The list is not so much evidence of corruption as it is compelling testimony that the Shah perceived his image in the American press as satisfactory.

In this light, it might be useful to consider journalists whose names did *not* appear on the list. Was I. F. Stone, for instance, on the list? Or Fred J. Cook, one of the first American magazine writers to examine the corruption of the Pahlevis? Or Frances FitzGerald, who wrote a scathing and brilliant analysis of Iran under the Shah for *Harper's*? Or Gregory Rose, who wrote on Savak activities in the United States for *New York*? No, indeed.

Corruption simply does not explain why the press gave a largely shallow, ill-informed and uncritical picture of the Shah's regime and, in turn, presented a view of the revolution that was harshly unsympathetic. For the most part, it was not necessary for Zahedi to buy favor with journalists. The boys (and girls) were already on the bus, ideologically speaking. All that remained for the good Ambassador was to show his appreciation.

WILLIAM A. DORMAN

William A. Dorman, chairman of the journalism department at California State University at Sacramento, is currently finishing a book on the U.S. press coverage of the Iranian revolution.

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ITEM. ITEM. ITEM.

■ **Back in 1943, *The Nation* published three articles entitled "Washington Gestapo" by a writer signing himself "XXX." No, it wasn't George Kennan in triplicate; the author was a Washington bureaucrat fearful of losing his job. The articles detailed the then new fad for loyalty checks by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Civil Service. Purely as history, Mr. XXX's articles provide a glimpse of proto-McCarthyism in action (Joe McCarthy, you'll recall, was at the time still in the South Pacific concocting a fictitious war record as "Tailgunner Joe").**

We were reminded of the XXX articles by Prof. Athan Theoharis of Marquette University, who found an allusion to them in F.B.I. files that he and Kenneth O'Reilly obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. The files also cast a new light on a letter to the editor that was critical of the series and appeared in the September 25, 1943, issue of *The Nation*. The author? Morris Ernst. Ernst's letter included a panegyric to the Bureau: "The position of Edgar Hoover and his men with respect to wire-tapping sets a new high standard for the constabulary of the United States," he wrote. "I believe the F.B.I.'s protection of personal liberty is one of the outstanding contributions to the cause of civil liberties in my time in the United States."

Ernst's fulsome praise may have seemed odd coming from a pillar of the American Civil Liberties Union, whose cooperation with the F.B.I. was not revealed until much later. Ernst did not mention that his letter was written after a strong hint from J. Edgar Hoover, who sent Ernst clippings of the Mr. XXX articles and passed on his fears that "serious and sincere readers of *The Nation* may absorb some of this venomous poisin [*sic*]. . . ." Hoover detailed his criticisms, expressed reluctance to enter into a letter-writing squabble with *The Nation* and asked Ernst for his "suggestions." Ernst duly wrote his letter, which Hoover called a "classic," but the F.B.I.-Ernst collaboration did not end there. Following the furor created by F.B.I. revelations of Bureau misconduct in the Judith Coplon case (see Fred J. Cook's article on page 340), Assistant Director Louis Nichols suggested to *Reader's Digest* editor Fulton Oursler that he commission Ernst to do a piece defending the Bureau. Ernst was amenable, and the piece, written with F.B.I. assistance, appeared in the December 1950 issue under the title "Why I No Longer Fear the F.B.I." The Bureau also opened its files and provided editing assistance on Ernst's 1952 book *Report on the American Communist*. We report all this not as an exposé of Morris Ernst but to provide still another chapter in the annals of the F.B.I. propaganda machine in peace and war.

■ In our January 26 issue, we ran an article by Gregory C. Staple describing the cram courses in old-fashioned free-enterprise economics offered to Federal judges by the Law and Economics Center in Miami. The judges receive an all-expenses-paid two weeks at various pleasant venues in Key Biscayne, where they attend lectures by Milton Friedman and other academics of the free-market, anti-regulation faith. The Center's funding comes, in part, from corporations like Mobil, Exxon, Rockwell and LTV, many of whom are or may be embroiled in litigation involving Federal regulation, which will come before these judges.

Since Staple's article appeared, Senator Howard Metzenbaum made a protest about the Center to Chief Justice Warren Burger, who heads the United States Judicial Conference, the body that sets policy for the judiciary. A petition has also been filed with the Judicial Conference by the Institute for Public Interest, which is affiliated with Georgetown University. As the Institute notes: "The Center represents a new way for corporations to present their views to the Federal courts, with a new dimension of sophistication." The petition calls upon the Judicial Conference to "establish guidelines for judicial participation in privately funded educational programs."

In June 1981, the Center will take up new quarters at Emory University in Atlanta. Recently, Emory was the happy recipient of a cool $100 million in Coca-Cola stock from Coke's *éminence grise*, Robert Woodruff. Although the Center's move was not directly related to the gift, things will unquestionably go better for it, financially speaking, at Emory.

■ **The oratorical heat expended during the current campaign on the issue of religion in politics has moved into the courts, and civil libertarians already have found something to be said on both sides. On one hand, the American Civil Liberties Union has brought a suit on behalf of the Office for Church in Society, an educational arm of the United Church of Christ, to invalidate a ruling by the Internal Revenue Service that the group's past "voter education" activities would cause it to lose its tax-exempt status as a charitable organization. On the other side, Abortion Rights Mobilization has brought suit to cut off the tax exemption of three Catholic dioceses on the ground that church facilities and newspapers have been used to educate Catholic voters about political candidates who favor abortion—a position Catholic clergy say violates their First Amendment rights.**

As an example of the political commentary by diocesan newspapers, A.R.M. cites an editorial in the May 2 *Today's Catholic*, published in San Antonio, which came out the day before the Texas primaries. Under the heading "To the IRS—Nuts!" the editorial refers to a warning by the Internal Revenue Service that it must not attempt to influence voters on controversial issues such as abortion else it lose its tax-exempt status. "Nuts!" the editors reply and go on to clearly label as pro- and anti-abortion the various candidates, national and local. Voters are not specifically instructed to vote for any particular candidate, but they are told to "introduce and work for the passage of a resolution on pro-life issues at your precinct convention," "contact the San Antonio Right to Life Committee" if they have any questions. "There can be no divorce between morality and public policy in a democracy," the editors conclude, so "vote your conscience on May 3."

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Moles

"Moles"—those most top-secret of secret agents—are all the rage these days. In Washington, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence is probing the case of an American mole in the Kremlin named Anatoly N. Filatov, who was exposed and possibly executed by the K.G.B. Edward Jay Epstein, who wrote a book describing how James Jesus Angleton, the former Central Intelligence counterintelligence chief, was fired by Director William Colby because of his too-energetic hunt for a Soviet mole, weighed in with an article called "The Spy War" in *The New York Times Magazine* of September 28. In his piece, Epstein says that, although the Agency refuses to admit it, there are undoubtedly Soviet moles at this very moment punching the clock in Langley. And all this coincides with the showing on public television of a dramatization of John Le Carré's novel *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, which is about the efforts of a drab British intelligence agent called George Smiley to dig out a mole in the "Circus." Graham Greene also celebrated a mole in his recent novel, *The Human Factor*. (The best mole novels are by British writers—perhaps because British moles tend to move in the same Oxbridge circles that British writers do. *Vide* Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean—not to mention the flamboyant Kim Philby, who knew *everybody*. As did Anthony Blount, the most recently defrocked British mole. Blount's ties reached beyond the old-boy network to the royal family, a connection that proved quite valuable. When he was found out, he was treated like a gentleman and the matter Kept Out of the Papers—until papers found out. American moles tend to be non-U, colorless people with names like Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin.)

What differentiates moles from your garden-variety spies is their penetration into the upper reaches of the intelligence hierarchy of a rival nation. So if the intelligence services are all doing their jobs, they have infested each other's command posts with moles. Thus, we have the K.G.B.'s moles in the C.I.A. telling Moscow that *they* know that *we* know all about thus-and-such, while simultaneously telling the C.I.A. what the K.G.B. wants *it* to know. Meanwhile, in Moscow, the C.I.A. mole is telling *his* control in Langley that that last hot bit of intelligence from confidential agent *Y* was actually a K.G.B. concoction. As the channels of communication back and forth become saturated with this kind of stuff, each intelligence agency will eventually know just about everything that its opposite number knows. Furthermore, maybe one of these moles, having kept his nose clean, has even worked his way up and is now running the agency in which he was planted. Perhaps the C.I.A. is now run by a Soviet mole and vice versa. In that case, instead of purging only one section, as Angleton did in his campaign against Soviet moles in the C.I.A., the entire Agency should be cashiered. We can see the headline now: "C.I.A. Fired as Security Risk."

ARTICLES.

UNDERGROUND TESTING

The Atom-Weapons Lobby Is Gaining

NORMAN SOLOMON

While proclaiming a desire to halt the nuclear arms race, the U.S. Government has been quietly undermining chances for the most far-reaching disarmament treaty on the horizon—a comprehensive international ban on atomic bomb tests. The latest round of talks in Geneva ended in failure—with the United States' tactics of delay drawing criticism from the other delegations. And no wonder: the Carter Administration has caved in to the nuclear-weapons laboratories, which want to continue to test bombs and are opposed to a meaningful agreement that will stop the spread of nuclear weapons. Meanwhile, huge atomic detonations continue under the Nevada desert, despite their harmful environmental impact and the long-term health dangers they pose to the general populace.

Since 1977, the talks on the comprehensive test ban treaty have been taking place in Geneva. More than 100 nations, including the United States and the Soviet Union, signed a nonproliferation treaty pledging "to pursue negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear arms race." For nonnuclear countries being urged to foreclose their own atomic-weapons options, the comprehensive test ban negotiations have been an acid test of the sincerity of the superpowers' antiproliferation rhetoric. Says Herbert Scoville, former assistant director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "It could have a profound effect on supporting nonproliferation. Unless you have a comprehensive test ban, you're never going to stop proliferation." A Harris poll reported that three out of four U.S. citizens favor a treaty to ban underground nuclear tests. Yet, as *The Washington Post* editorialized in fall 1978, attempts to prevent a comprehensive test ban treaty have been "led by the two nuclear-weapons labs—Los Alamos and [Lawrence] Livermore—and their sympathizers in the departments of Defense and Energy. . . . Anxious would-be testers are trying to beat down the American negotiating position. It must not happen." But it has happened.

Norman Solomon is the co-author of a book on radiation victims, to be published by Dell. His articles on nuclear topics have appeared in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The San Francisco Examiner, The Boston Globe, The Progressive *and* In These Times.

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The Department of Energy's acting assistant secretary for defense programs, Donald Kerr, repeatedly trooped to Capitol Hill in 1978 to reassure Congress that underground nuclear tests were safe and to defend the necessity for testing. "In the long run without testing," he told a House Armed Services subcommittee panel in March 1978, "we could not maintain the same confidence in our nuclear-weapons stockpile that we have today, based on test experience." Five months later, Kerr was back at the Capitol testifying that with a test ban, "confidence in the nuclear stockpile, in our best judgment, would degrade." A few months later, Kerr left his Energy Department post to become director of the Los Alamos nuclear-weapons laboratory. Michael May, the Lawrence Livermore laboratory's associate director at large and former director, told the same House subcommittee that a comprehensive test ban agreement would harm U.S. military security without providing "any benefits at all." May praised Kerr's attacks on the comprehensive treaty.

Kerr's testimony was prepared with the extraordinary behind-the-scenes assistance of Seymour Shwiller, a House Armed Services Committee staff member. "We worked some of the questions out with the Department of Energy. We discussed an approach to the hearing," Shwiller admitted under questioning from subcommittee member Representative Bob Carr, who termed the advance collusion "unprecedented" and "a highly improper procedure." Added Representative Thomas Downey: "This record is being set up for a conclusion. I find that very, very disturbing."

Shwiller's role in preparing negative testimony, as well as the subsequent Congressional report condemning the concept of a comprehensive ban on nuclear testing, was not surprising. An Air Force nuclear-weaponry specialist for nearly three decades, he spent five of those years at Los Alamos and Sandia nuclear-weapons laboratories. Shwiller, who also served several years with the Atomic Energy Commission before joining the Congressional committee staff at about the time comprehensive test ban negotiations were getting underway in Geneva, decries the current negotiating efforts as "the moral equivalent of insanity." U.S. agreement to such a treaty, he contends, would be to "commit suicide."

A central element of the strategy of opponents of the treaty is depicting its supporters as technical neophytes. An example of this tactic is the claim that a full ban on nuclear explosions would curtail weapons stockpile "reliability." But a letter to President Jimmy Carter signed by nuclear-weapons experts, including Norris Bradbury, director of the Los Alamos laboratory from 1945 to 1970, and later endorsed by the Federation of American Scientists and Hans Bethe, a Nobel laureate, sharply contradicts this view:

> The assurance of continued operability of stockpiled nuclear weapons has in the past been achieved almost exclusively by nonnuclear testing—by meticulous inspection and disassembly of the components of the nuclear weapons, including their firing and fuzing equipment. It has been exceedingly rare for a weapon to be taken from stockpile and fired "for assurance." It has also been rare to the point of nonexistence for a problem revealed by the sampling and inspection program to require a nuclear test for its resolution.

For America's atomic-weapons makers, the right to keep exploding nuclear bombs is inviolate. "Our underground weapons tests provide scientific information that cannot be gained in any other way," says the manager of the Nevada Test Site, Mahlon Gates, a retired Army general who had major responsibilities in Vietnam during the war. "Any weapon that is currently in the U.S. stockpile has been through a test series at the Nevada Test Site," adds Gates's deputy, Troy Wade, who was a Livermore lab engineer for a decade before becoming an employee of the Atomic Energy Commission in the late 1960s. "Nuclear weapons are like automobiles. Ford doesn't put a new automobile out on the highway until they've gone through a lengthy test process, driving hundreds of thousands of miles." An end to underground testing would place unprecedented limits on the atomic-weapons assembly line, the weapons lobby contends. "The inability to conduct nuclear explosions would terminate most further advances in the technology of nuclear weapons and explosives," warns a Department of Energy analysis. "Without testing, an effective weapons laboratory program could not be maintained."

The United States and the Soviet Union have executed a complete about-face in their respective negotiating positions since test ban talks began three years ago. The Russians originally favored expiration in three years but are now seeking an unlimited time span. The U.S. negotiators, after calling for a ban of five years at the minimum, now advocate a treaty lasting only three years. The weapons labs and Joint Chiefs of Staff are credited by treaty backers and foes alike for the American switch, which undercuts the test ban idea. "A three-year treaty without any renewal is meaningless," says Johanna Mendelson, assistant director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington.

Since he assumed the Presidency, Carter's support for a comprehensive treaty has become steadily more tepid. At the United Nations, where three years ago Carter declared that "the time has come to end all explosions of nuclear devices," delegates express exasperation at the lack of progress. Many delegations from nonnuclear nations are furious. After a decade of General Assembly resolutions deploring the superpowers' refusal to implement a complete ban on nuclear testing, the U.N. Secretariat this year launched a formal investigation into the snail's pace of negotiations.

At the recent conference session in Geneva, attended by representatives of seventy-five of the 111 nations that have promised not to acquire atomic weapons, delegates blocked agreement on proposed new safeguards, charging bad faith by the nuclear superpowers. The Netherlands representative called the disappointing session a "serious setback" to the cause of halting the spread of nuclear weapons. Nearly all the states present favored recessing the conference for two years to allow current tensions between the superpowers to cool down; the United States, however, opposed the idea.

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British, Russian and American delegates to the new round of comprehensive test ban negotiations, starting this month, face unresolved issues involving compliance verification procedures, treaty duration and renewal provisions. Conferees "can iron those things out if there's a will to have a treaty," asserts Scoville, who was in charge of compiling intelligence on Soviet nuclear tests when he served as deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1955 to 1963. Scoville expresses confidence that "our capabilities are quite adequate to verify" treaty adherence. "We've been dillydallying around on this thing for a long time."

The current rationale in the Administration is that an underground test ban should await SALT II ratification, which amounts to putting it off indefinitely. Carter's opponents in the Presidential race offer either lukewarm endorsement of, or low-key hostility toward, the idea of halting all atomic bomb detonations. John Anderson's platform, released two months before the general election, favors "conclusion of a short-term comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban Treaty," which he defined earlier in his campaign as a "three-to-five-year agreement subject to review and extension at the time of its expiration." Ronald Reagan opposes the test ban negotiations, saying, "It is doubtful they would lead to a verifiable treaty. The case has yet to be made that the present approach is in our interest." Citizens Party Presidential candidate Barry Commoner, a biologist who played a leading role during the 1950s and early 1960s in the movement behind the Limited Test Ban Treaty outlawing atmospheric nuclear bomb explosions, advocates a permanent comprehensive test ban.

When the Limited Test Ban Treaty went into effect in 1963, ending the deadly mushroom clouds from hundreds of U.S. and Soviet atmospheric blasts, underground detonations became central to superpower nuclear testing. Underground tests had a favorable image; the public assumed they were reasonably safe, an impression fed by intensive Government public relations work and secrecy.

More than 330 announced underground nuclear tests have taken place since 1963 at the Nevada Test Site. On several occasions, clouds of radiation from ostensibly nonatmospheric tests were tracked by U.S. Air Force planes to Eastern Canada's border. Radioactive releases from the 1970 Baneberry underground test are known to have caused at least four fatal cases of leukemia among several hundred workers exposed to fallout at the test site. Last year, Department of Energy officials, under prodding by a Congressional subcommittee, admitted to ventings of radiation outside the site in forty tests—but claimed that no underground test ventings have occurred since 1971. Yet abnormally high readings of radioactivity were registered at three downwind Utah locations the day after an underground nuclear explosion on September 27, 1977, code-named Coulommiers. Radiation levels ranging up to thirty-nine picocuries per cubic meter, far higher than normal background radiation readings of about two picocuries, were confirmed by the state public health director. Most recently, the D.O.E. admitted that leakage had occurred off-site in a test conducted in Nevada on September 25.

Data from Federal radiation monitoring are classified on the ground that released fission product levels would reveal details about the type of nuclear bomb tested. Moreover, monitors in Utah were not even operating during several underground nuclear tests—including the one of September 25. "It's impossible to determine on your own about what's going on out there," complains Jeff Adler, a reporter for *The Las Vegas Sun* who has done extensive research on Nevada Test Site activities. "You're at their mercy—because there's so much that's classified. It took us twenty years to get documents from the 1950s—and when we did we found out we were lied to. . . . We are at their mercy in terms of what we are told, and that has been the trouble at the test site since it was founded in 1951."

Leonard Storm, associate professor of biology at the University of Nevada, points out that "venting occurs during collapse of the ground top into a crater, days and perhaps weeks later, when it buckles." Whether through immediate venting or eventual seepage of radioactivity, Storm believes, "they're not keeping it underground."

"We haven't perfected our containment here," concedes Fred Huckabee, branch chief of construction at the test site. He denies that there have been more than minor releases of radioactivity from backdrilling into radiation-filled caverns. But the most recent Federal environmental impact statement, published in 1977, mentions that radioactive xenon gas has been detected a number of times throughout the 1970s—including in Las Vegas, more than sixty miles away from the nearest test site boundary. When questioned during a 1980 interview, Wade, deputy manager at the test site, initially denied that any such readings had taken place, responding with the refrain that "there has been no detectable radiation off-site since 1971." Wade later acknowledged the xenon gas readings but said they were not significant.

Concern about radiation exposure from ongoing underground tests is heightened by the fact that residents for hundreds of miles around have already been exposed to cancer-causing radiation during more than a decade of atmospheric testing. Relatively small additional radiation exposure adds to the dangers. "My biggest concern on radiation is the concept of 'tolerable dose,' which is not defensible as a public health concept," says Storm, southern Nevada's only geneticist. At a meeting of physicians in Salt Lake City, the director of Utah University's epidemiology division of family and community medicine, Dr. Joseph Lyon, urged special caution in ordering X-rays for southern Utah patients who were exposed to heavy nuclear fallout during aboveground testing.

Radioactive contamination of water is a crucial issue in Las Vegas, Storm and Adler agree. Underground tests, sometimes set off at depths of several thousand feet, jeopardize precious aquifers in the water-scarce region. "They have obviously contaminated large amounts of ground water," Storm charges. "They claim that it's not flowing off-site. That's kind of hard to believe." As underground

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testing continues in Nevada, Adler says, "Most people are still very concerned. The burning question is what's going on with our ground water. It's the key." As with so many other aspects of nuclear-weapons development impact on the environment, pertinent information is classified.

Earth tremors are another danger. During some underground tests, people are warned to stay off the ledges of tall buildings in Las Vegas 100 miles away because of the danger. In Utah, a recent state government report confirmed that subsurface atomic blasts routinely cause microearthquakes for several hundred miles; with major fault lines through downtown Salt Lake City to the northeast and along the California coast, one of the long-term consequences of protracted underground testing could be the triggering of serious earthquakes.

Although the Federal Government claims underground nuclear blasts are safe and describes admitted off-site releases as negligible, it is significant that tests are only conducted when the wind is blowing away from the more populous Las Vegas area and toward the towns of southern and central Utah. Gov. Scott Matheson, who denounced the atmospheric tests of the 1950s, which caused an increase in the incidence of cancer among Utah residents, is reportedly telling concerned state officials that Utah cannot afford to challenge the current underground explosions because the resulting publicity would hurt the state's tourist and ski industries.

As epidemiological studies document, the A-bomb atmospheric testing toll was serious. Last August, a Congressional subcommittee reported what residents of Utah and Nevada have known for decades: "The Government's program for monitoring the health effects of the tests was inadequate and, more disturbingly, all evidence suggesting that radiation was having harmful effects, be it on the sheep or the people, was not only disregarded but actually suppressed."

Irma Thomas has counted thirty cancer victims within a block radius of her house in a residential neighborhood of St. George, Utah, a heavily Mormon area where smoking is unusual. "We're not numbers, we're not statistics, we're human beings," she says, motioning to her living room wall covered with family photos. In recent years Thomas, now 73, was instrumental in focusing national attention on southern Utah's burgeoning cancer rates in the wake of aboveground nuclear tests. Like a growing number of other residents publicly calling for a halt to underground blasts at the Nevada Test Site, she says, "I don't trust all that stuff about how safe it is. We've heard that before."

Nevada Test Site officials publicly admit to no doubts about the safety. They speak of preparedness, national defense, a strong "military posture." But underneath the remorseless national-security rhetoric, tremors of doubt sometimes register. "No head of state, in the world, has ever seen a nuclear bomb explosion. To me, that's scary," an old hand at nuclear testing said after asking me to turn off my tape recorder. "I don't think anyone who has ever seen a nuclear explosion has ever not asked the question: 'My God, what have we done?' " But such off-the-record misgivings are not allowed to interfere with the business at hand, which is to explode nuclear weapons—called "devices" by public relations and technical personnel alike—more destructive than ever before. "It is the sane ones," noted Thomas Merton, "the well-adapted ones, who can without qualms and without nausea aim the missiles and press the buttons that will initiate the great festival of destruction that they, *the sane ones*, have prepared."

Across the windy desert floor of the Nevada Test Site, the Government guides talk enthusiastically about their domin-

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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ion. The leviathan they serve is planning for future atomic brutality on an unparalleled scale. As the wind whips through Yucca Flats, it whispers that, left to their own "devices," the nuclear-weapons testers will destroy us all. To allow their rationales to dissuade us from opposition is to give them permission to incinerate the world. □

TRIBAL–LAND PROTEST

Australia's Aroused Aborigines

KENNETH LIBERMAN

The American-owned Amax Petroleum Australia company is responsible for a recent unprecedented strike action by the Australian Council of Trade Unions (A.C.T.U.) to protest violations of the human rights of Australia's native blacks. Amax has been involved in mineral exploration in regions sacred to some of Australia's Aboriginal people who live in the remote desert of Australia's northwest. The Aborigines, supported by the Australian Council of Churches, the Australian Labor Party and the United Nations Association (Australia), have insisted that a religious site be left undisturbed.

Not wanting to face mounting criticism, Amax backed down from drilling at the site late last year. They refused to answer any questions put to them by the Australian media, referring all press inquiries to their parent company in New York. The right-wing Western Australian Premier, Sir Charles Court, became angered at what was perceived to be a major Aboriginal land-rights victory. Despite 40,000 years of tenure on their traditional lands, Aboriginal people have no land rights in any of the Australian states. The original British settlers never dealt with the native tribes as sovereign nations, as they did in America. This would have meant treaties, which would have given the Aborigines some legal rights to their lands. Now Australian courts have ruled any claim to tribal land invalid without formal written title.

On the basis of this loophole, which has been criticized by the U.N. subcommission on human rights, a number of multinational mining corporations (many of them with American partners) have been combing Australia's remote regions for minerals, mostly uranium. High temperatures (in the 120s Fahrenheit) and low rainfall kept settlers out of traditional Aboriginal land in the central desert for two centuries. Now, for the first time in history, Aborigines are organizing to defend their cultures, but their claims have been rejected out of hand by the states, which are anxious for the uranium dollar.

Queensland and Western Australia have enacted oppressive legislation which gives the state governments direct control over the operation of the remote Aboriginal communities, restricts Aborigines' voting rights and ignores traditional Aboriginal land tenure. Although Aboriginal affairs are a federal matter, the Australian Government has refused to challenge the abuses of human rights by the two states, mostly because the leadership of the state administrations comes largely from the same political parties that control the national Government.

After Amax abandoned its drilling, the Western Australian government put strong pressure on the company to resume. When Amax refused, Premier Court ordered state mining engineers to journey to the remote site to drill the exploratory holes. Under Western Australian law, Court was required to secure Amax's approval for the drilling, which it gave him, not wanting to jeopardize other mineral ventures it has on Aboriginal land. Confronted by the Aboriginal community, with the support of the A.C.T.U., the workers who were to do the drilling walked off the job last August.

The controversy was stalemated for several weeks until the local Aboriginal people, confident that they had prevailed, departed for some traditional religious ceremonies, which occupied several days. While they were away, the Western Australian government commenced to drill at the site. The A.C.T.U. promptly issued a strong warning to the government that it would hold a nationwide protest and has plans to impose a ban on all transport and telecommunications links with Western Australian government ministers. Many Australian leaders and human rights organizations overseas called for federal intervention.

In Queensland, similar confrontations have occurred between American companies and Aborigines. Aborigines at Aurukun objected to two mining consortia (one involving Tipperary of Texas) moving into their reserve because of the potential destruction of holy places and the inevitable sexual and alcohol abuses that accompany mining developments. Assisted by Australia's Uniting Church, the Aborigines took the Queensland government—"the banana republic" of Premier Bjelke Petersen—to court to prevent the consortium from taking over their land. They won the decision; however, Petersen appealed to the Privy Council in London, a legal avenue of appeal peculiar to members of the British Commonwealth. The council reversed the Australian court's decision.

Following that near victory, the Aborigines at Aurukun and Mornington Island became more militant, and Petersen sacked the duly elected Aboriginal council, instituted legislation which required the removal of Uniting Church officials and moved state police in to administer the reserve. This action met with a national outcry, and Petersen was faced recently with massive public demonstrations in his state, despite the fact that his government had outlawed all political demonstrations a few months before. This prohibition against public rallies was initiated in response to increasingly popular anti-uranium demonstrations in Brisbane's King

Kenneth Liberman is an anthropologist who has recently completed three years of research in Australia.

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George's Square. Nearly a thousand people have been arrested for demonstrating peacefully, including some of Australia's leading Labor Party politicians, as the issue of Aboriginal rights has expanded into a major challenge to political repression in Queensland.

The repressive conditions Aborigines have lived under for centuries went unnoticed by most white Australians until 1946, when the "Nomads Group" of Aborigines in the northwest of Western Australia walked off cattle and sheep ranches, which were dependent upon their involuntary labor. These Aborigines demanded wages equal to whites, the right to vote and the payments due them under the provisions of the 1889 constitution. The "Pilbara Strike," as it became known, brought nationwide attention to the plight of Aborigines. Two decades of national debate followed, culminating in the 1967 constitutional referendum which granted voting rights and equal wages to the Aborigines. Despite the 1967 referendum, which also gave the federal Government authority to intervene in the states on matters affecting Aborigines (a power it has yet to exercise), the Court government in Western Australia has enacted legislation barring illiterate Aborigines from voting. In a recent election in that state, Aborigines who had traveled more than ten miles on foot to the polling booth were harassed by local whites, and a group of semiliterate Aborigines who had swum across a river twenty yards wide in full flood were refused assistance by the polling officials in marking their ballots.

During this century the tribal populations in the center of the continent and in the tropical north continued to live a traditional life far from the centers of European population in Australia, their seminomadic patterns only partly disrupted by a few poorly functioning and mostly unpopular mission settlements. After World War II, however, many of the nomadic Aborigines in the desert regions of Western Australia were forcibly removed from their homelands so that the land could be used for British atomic bomb tests. They were placed in artificial settlements built by the Government or by missionaries around the fringe of the desert. In the European-settled outback these Aboriginal people are called "coons" and "boongs" by the whites, suffer from alcoholism and European-initiated sexual abuses and (according to Government reports) are mistreated and systematically discriminated against by police officers. In the last ten years many Aboriginal people have been gradually making their way back to their traditional homelands in Western Australia and the Northern Territory, beyond the areas of European settlement.

Land is the heart of the Aborigines' spiritual life. They are capable of naming by memory each hill, waterhole and physiographic feature up to 600 miles distant in all directions. These places of significance are part of a vast system of interconnected "tracks" laid down by the wanderings of heroic ancestors whose world-creative powers produced the desert country that is home for the Aborigines. Encoded in the tracks is vital information about the location of natural food and water resources. Aboriginal society is a reproduction of the structure established by these ancestors, whose spiritual essence is immanent in forms in the landscape. Each of these forms has a song, an associated dance and ceremony by which the Aboriginal people perpetuate the land's productivity and their own social organization. So long as they remain on their traditional lands, the vitality of Aboriginal civilization will perpetuate itself indefinitely, they believe.

Most remote Aboriginal groups rested secure in their tribal country and were unaware that they had no rights to their land under Australian law. It was not until the mining companies began to make their way into the remote sections of Australia in the 1960s and 1970s that these Aboriginal people learned that they are a dispossessed people. Shy, introverted and usually speaking little English, they naïvely believed that their own traditional "law" would naturally take precedence over European law. The Aborigines at Yirrkala in the Northern Territory sued in the courts for land rights in 1970. Judge Blackburn, in a monumental decision, threw out their claims for want of formal written title. The Aborigines protested the decision by descending upon the nation's capital in Canberra and camping on the capital lawn. They set up an "Aboriginal Embassy" in a tent and petitioned for land rights, winning much popular support. The Australian Labor Government under Gough Whitlam promised them land rights in the Northern Territory, the only region over which the federal Government exercises direct control. The promise was kept by the subsequent conservative Liberal Party administration of Malcolm Fraser, and Aborigines now hold formal title to some of their tribal land in the Northern Territory, although a newly constituted ter-

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ritorial assembly is attempting to impede a just allocation of land titles.

The central desert Aborigines then attempted to win land rights for their homelands in South Australia adjacent to the Northern Territory homelands. After two years of negotiations, the Labor government in South Australia recently agreed to the most comprehensive land-rights legislation to date. Having secured their land in the Northern Territory and South Australia, the traditional Aborigines of the desert have turned in recent months to securing the contiguous area of their land in Western Australia. Aboriginal leaders sought a meeting with Premier Court, who refused, telling one tribal-land council: "I won't speak with any black bastards." He has vowed that Aboriginal people will not receive title to a single square kilometer in Western Australia.

Stymied by the hardened attitudes of the Western Australian leadership, Aboriginal leaders have appealed to the federal Government, the United Nations and other international parties, including the Pope. The state of Western Australia has responded with tough new legislation reducing the authority of Aboriginal community leaders and restricting voting rights. Aborigines at Oombulgarie were recently removed from their homeland in order to make room for entry by mining companies seeking diamonds. The state's parliament was convened by Sir Charles Court on less than a week's notice to pass legislation ratifying control of Aborigine lands.

It appears that the Australian federal Government, which supports the Aborigines' attempt to begin land-rights negotiations in Western Australia, is unwilling to exercise its constitutional powers of intervention. At the rate the multinational mining consortia are moving into the interior of Australia, traditional Aboriginal people have only a few years left to secure their title to lands which have belonged to them for ages. □

THE *CORAM NOBIS* APPEAL

Alger Hiss– A New Ball Game

FRED J. COOK

Although it received little press attention at the time, the 168-page memorandum of law filed in July in Federal District Court in Manhattan by the attorneys for Alger Hiss, thirty years after his conviction for perjury, contains the most shocking revelations yet. As Hiss attorney Victor Rabinowitz pointed out in oral argument in September, documents obtained from Government files under the Freedom of Information Act (F.O.I.A.) and cited in the memorandum of law show that Hiss was victimized by a prosecutorial vendetta.

The new memorandum is backed up by 250 pages of exhibits, many obtained from Federal Bureau of Investigation files during the past two years. These disclose that Hiss's home telephone in Washington, D.C., was tapped for nearly two years, the transcripts of the taps comprising more than 750 pages. He was also subjected to mail covers on his correspondence; telegrams sent to him in 1945 were intercepted; letters were opened and copied (one, addressed to his attorney, was forwarded to the prosecuting attorney in New York with the injunction he was not to let higher-ups in the Justice Department know he had it). Finally, Hiss was subjected periodically to round-the-clock surveillance and at other times to spot surveillance; the residence of an unidentified person apparently suspected of links to Hiss was burglarized and documents photographed.

Victor Rabinowitz, attorney for the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, filed the new brief for Hiss two years after the original *coram nobis* action (*coram nobis* is a rarely used legal device designed to correct judicial error) was started in July 1978. Whatever the outcome at the district level, the case is certain to be appealed, so it could take two years before a final judgment is rendered.

The new brief is not an attempt to retry the Hiss case but rather argues that his conviction should be expunged from the record because of the wholesale violation of his rights. It repeats and strengthens many of the allegations in the original action, but adds to them a host of new charges resulting from documents slowly and painfully extracted from F.B.I. files through persistent Freedom of Information Act requests. Even so, as Rabinowitz's brief makes clear, what the Hiss defense is now able to show obviously represents only the tip of the iceberg. Files are missing, wiretaps have been destroyed, names on documents that have been obtained have been obliterated. But enough survived the shredding process in the form of interoffice memorandums to establish an almost wholesale contempt for due process in the determination to "get" Hiss one way or another. Rabinowitz puts it this way in his brief:

> Even now, with the release of some of the government documents, concerning F.B.I. investigative techniques regarding Hiss, the full extent of surveillance—wiretapping, mail opening, mail covers, physical surveillance and other intrusive techniques—is not clear. Nevertheless, it is apparent that information gathered through the exploitation of unlawful wiretaps and other illegal surveillance was used at trial and consequently the conviction must be reversed.

The wiretapping and mail-opening revelations in the new brief and supporting documents could taint the whole prosecution of Hiss so badly that, if the Federal Court follows well-established precedents, the guilty verdict returned against Hiss in 1950 might well be found in error. Rabinowitz hammered hard in his new brief at the precedent established in the Judith Coplon case.

Judith Coplon, an employee in the Justice Department in

Fred J. Cook, a regular contributor to The Nation, *won the Newspaper Guild of New York's 1980 "Page One" Award for Crusading Journalism for his recent series of articles on energy issues.*

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Washington, was arrested in New York on March 6, 1949, in the company of a Russian attaché to the United Nations. In her handbag were a number of secret Justice Department documents which, it was alleged, she had been about to pass to her Russian admirer. Indicted in both Washington and New York for espionage and the attempt to transmit information to the representative of a foreign power, Coplon was twice convicted—and both convictions were later nullified when the Justice Department, after first flatly denying in court that there had been any wiretapping, was compelled to confess that every phone Coplon used at home and in her office had been bugged.

The same pattern, Rabinowitz has now shown, was repeated in the Hiss case. The most "intrusive invasion" of Hiss's rights, he wrote in the new brief, occurred "from December 13, 1945, until the Hisses moved from Washington, D.C., to New York City on September 13, 1947. A 'technical surveillance'—a wiretap—was placed on the Hiss telephone at their residence on P Street in Washington. The logs of this surveillance constitute 29 volumes of F.B.I. serials, in which an enormous amount of information about the Hisses' personal lives, relationships with friends and associates, and habits is recorded."

This information, Rabinowitz argues, must have been of inestimable help to the prosecution when Hiss was charged with perjury for denying the accusations of Whittaker Chambers that he had been a Communist and a spy. Chambers, a *Time* magazine editor, had admitted acting as a spy courier, passing along documents he said he obtained from Hiss. When he testified at the two Hiss trials in New York (the first ended in a hung jury, the second in a conviction), the prosecution placed heavy emphasis on Chambers's and his wife's apparently accurate knowledge of the appointments of the Hisses' home in Washington—information that could have come from those pages of wiretaps. (Chambers spent five months virtually full time going over his testimony with F.B.I. agents prior to the trial.)

As Rabinowitz points out, "Everything was recorded from the Hisses' dinner plans to conversations with journalists." In an August 12, 1947, document, for example, the F.B.I. declared it had obtained "specific valuable information" from a May 31 wiretap of a conversation between Hiss and the renowned Washington columnist Walter Lippmann. Such incidents, Rabinowitz charges, make it clear that this sweeping wiretapping of Hiss was equivalent to "a general search having nothing to do with an espionage investigation."

The Washington F.B.I. records, revealing as they are, are far from complete, Rabinowitz argues. He points out that F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover had applied to the Attorney General for permission to begin the wiretapping. While Hoover's application to his superior survives, nothing has been found in the F.B.I. files so far to indicate that he ever obtained the necessary approval. The Washington Field Office of the F.B.I. had to request permission to continue the wiretap every sixty days, citing information obtained

as justification. It is these requests, like the one mentioning the Hiss-Lippmann conversation, that have survived as evidence of the scope of the surveillance.

When the Hisses moved to New York City in 1947, the indications are that the wiretapping continued, but the files of the New York Bureau were subsequently shredded. The Coplon case may have been the cause of this precaution. Washington headquarters had instructed New York prior to Coplon's trial to destroy the wiretap records, but to preserve the information gathered, identifying it as originating with an "informant." When this cover-up was exposed at Coplon's trial, a new and more secure system was adopted. Wiretap records—or the information gained from them—were no longer kept in a "subject's" main file. Instead, "subfiles" that would be more "secure" were established. Such subfiles maintained by the New York Bureau on Alger Hiss have apparently vanished into the shredder. In connection with a F.O.I.A. request Hiss filed with the writer William Reuben, Rabinowitz took a deposition from Martin Wood, supervising special agent in charge of the F.B.I.'s Freedom of Information records division at Washington headquarters. In answer to interrogatories, the F.B.I. had identified a New York Field Office File No. 69-14920 as apparently pertaining to Hiss. This file had had subfiles designated A through E, but all the material in the subfiles had "been destroyed at a date unknown," the Government conceded. Wood protested that he didn't know what the destroyed files might have contained, but he admitted at one point that it "appeared" they might have been wiretap records.

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The scope of the illegal surveillance to which Hiss was subjected broadens when one gets into the areas of mail covers and mail openings. A mail cover (i.e., recording all names and addresses on incoming correspondence) was placed on Hiss in 1941, ostensibly in connection with an F.B.I. investigation of possible Hatch Act violations. The Hatch Act prohibited public employees from taking active roles in political campaigns. A second mail cover was placed on Hiss in 1945 and, at the same time, the F.B.I. obtained records of telephone toll calls made from the Hisses' residence during the years 1943, 1944 and 1945. The mail covers soon degenerated into mail openings, the sparse available evidence suggests. Although first-class mail is supposed to be inviolate, F.B.I. records show that, sometime before 1947, a letter written by Hiss's wife, Priscilla, to her son by a previous marriage, Timothy Hobson, "was intercepted and its contents read." In March 1947, a letter from a Michael Greenberg to Hiss inquiring about applying for employment with the United Nations "was also intercepted in a manner not revealed by the documents."

The late 1945 period appears to have been critical. Chambers had begun to tell his tales of Communist influence in Government in 1939 and had subsequently been joined by the so-called "spy queen," Elizabeth Bentley, some of whose stories have since been discredited. At the time, however, the F.B.I. stepped up its questioning of Chambers—and placed a more intensive surveillance on Hiss. Beginning on November 28, 1945, F.B.I. records reveal Hiss was placed under twenty-four-hour surveillance. After the around-the-clock surveillance ended on December 14, 1945, Hiss was subjected to spot surveillances at various times until September 1947.

"The investigation of Hiss intensified after his move to New York [in September 1947]," Rabinowitz charges in his brief. "Other key figures in Chambers' allegations were subjected to wiretaps and warrantless entries. Two unidentified persons were tapped . . . another's residence entered and documents photographed. The Hiss 1936-37 summer residence, the landlord of which was a defense witness at the first trial, was subjected to a mail cover and toll checks. . . ." Several vague entries in the released documents clearly indicate that Hiss couldn't breathe over a telephone without the sound being recorded. An October 29, 1949, report described some information as having been gathered from "monitory [*sic*] telephone contacts of Alger Hiss." This was prior to the first Hiss trial, which ended May 31, 1949; the second trial began January 20, 1950.

After the first trial, which ended in a hung jury, the illegal activities of Government agents became more frenetic. The recently obtained F.B.I. documents show that, in 1950, a letter addressed to Hiss was given to U.S. Attorney Thomas Murphy, the Federal prosecutor in both Hiss trials, by someone in the Post Office. Murphy and the F.B.I. were both directed not to inform the Justice Department about the letter. "These highly questionable concerns and procedures suggest that the letter was intercepted unlawfully and that fact was deliberately hidden even from the prosecutors' superiors," Rabinowitz states in the brief. He added that F.B.I. files had turned up another one-page letter to Hiss, dated August 6, 1950, but the name of the author was not revealed nor was it disclosed how this document came into the possession of the F.B.I. The interceptions and interference with Hiss's defense went on and on. The F.B.I. intercepted a telegram from a David Sherman to Hiss's attorneys. "How this domestic communication was obtained is not evidenced from the documents," Rabinowitz wrote.

This intensive surveillance on every level of illegality failed to produce any incriminating evidence against Alger Hiss, for when the Government went to trial it had to depend again largely upon the testimony of Chambers, who had once said under oath that Hiss had never been a spy. Even U.S. Attorney Murphy acknowledged in the first Hiss trial that if the jury didn't believe Chambers, the Government had no case. As a result, Murphy and his aides went to extremes to protect Chambers. The defense had asked (as was its right) that the prosecution turn over to it all earlier statements that Chambers had made to Federal officials. A couple of paragraphs were surrendered, but there was much, much more in Federal files that Murphy concealed by assuring the court that nothing more existed.

There was, for example, Chambers's own admission to the F.B.I. that he had been a homosexual for years. The Hiss defense had heard such rumors, but never raised the question at the trials for lack of proof. The proof, to which they were entitled, existed in the prosecution's files which Murphy and his aides protected. But it was not made available to the psychiatrists Hiss's defense team produced to discredit Chambers's testimony, one of whom listed abnormal sexuality as evidence of a psychopathic personality.

They also kept secret Chambers's own long, often inconsistent account of his safari through the Communist jungle and his acquaintance with Hiss. As Rabinowitz argues, many details in this supposedly authentic account did not gibe with the story Chambers told from the witness stand. A vital element in Chambers's story involved sixty-five State Department documents and four handwritten memos which, he testified, he had obtained from Hiss. The last of these documents was dated April 1, 1938—but on sixteen prior occasions under oath, Chambers had contended he left the party in 1937. Obviously, this would not do. And so, at the Hiss trials, his unwavering recollection through the years was amended, and he testified that he broke with Communism on April 15, 1938—a date that did not conflict with the dates on the documents he had produced. And there was, at the time of the trials, no documentary proof to refute him.

After Hiss's conviction, however, Chester Lane, who took over Hiss's case on appeal, obtained what appeared to be such proof. The one specific checkpoint in Chambers's testimony had been his assertion that *after* he broke with Communism and went into hiding, sitting sometimes at night with a gun across his knees, he obtained a book translation job from Oxford University Press. Correspondence in

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the files of Oxford University Press suggested that Chambers was out of the party well before April 15, 1938—and if so, he couldn't have been a spy courier for the last of the documents he had sworn he obtained from Hiss.

The Oxford University Press files established three dates that appeared to discredit Chambers's testimony. A letter written from the London office, dated March 4, 1938, inquired about *the progress* the new translator (Chambers) was making on the book. A shipping tag in the New York office showed that what was apparently the last batch of the manuscript to be translated had been mailed to Chambers on March 18, 1938. And on April 12, Paul Willert, editor of Oxford University Press, had mailed Chambers *an additional check* for $250, apologizing because it was being sent "rather belatedly."

Willert himself felt certain that he had met Chambers in late 1937 or very early in 1938, but more than ten years later he could not fix the exact date. He recalled, however, that at the time they met, Chambers claimed to be a fugitive from Communism. Chambers talked wildly about the OGPU being out to get him and appeared to Willert to be "hysterical and suffering from a persecution mania."

This information went to the heart of the case, in effect destroying Chambers's credibility. It is, therefore, significant that Freedom of Information actions have now uncovered the fact that two letters from Paul Willert, dated in December 1951, were intercepted and copies "sent from Washington to the New York Field Office," perhaps for the guidance of U.S. Attorneys and the F.B.I. Ultimately, they may have helped Chambers to alter his story. One of these letters had been addressed to Claude B. Cross, Hiss's attorney at the second trial. Rabinowitz in his brief makes the point: "Although the letter was not sent to Hiss, there nevertheless is a violation of Hiss's fundamental right to the assistance of counsel."

These disclosures compound the charges in Rabinowitz's original brief that Hiss's rights had been violated by the activities of Horace W. Schmahl, a private detective. Schmahl had been hired to help the Hiss defense, but documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act show he met repeatedly with the F.B.I. and the prosecutor. One of his contributions was a complete outline of defense plans before the first Hiss trial, and he consulted with Murphy frequently throughout the trials and the posttrial appeal.

The new brief contains many other revelations, but at the heart of it are the disclosures of unremitting wiretapping, interception of telegrams, opening of mail—the complete invasion of the defense—before, during and after the trials. These sweeping disclosures go far beyond the wiretapping that incensed two Federal courts and impelled them to throw out the Judith Coplon spy case. A few quotes from the appeals hearings in that case are instructive.

In Washington, when Government attorneys tried to argue that the Coplon wiretaps had not tainted their case because the evidence so obtained had not been used against Coplon, Chief Judge E. Barrett Prettyman commented tartly that this was "an extremely optimistic view," and added: "I'd like it explained to me how any appellant can have a fair trial if conversation between him and his counsel is intercepted."

In New York, Judge Learned Hand brought a Federal prosecutor up short as he tried to argue that the Government had not been guilty of "deliberate or wanton destruction of wiretap records." Judge Hand snapped: "Could there have been anything more wanton and deliberate than was shown by the evidence?" He cited the Washington F.B.I.'s specific order to New York to destroy such records—an order that apparently established a consistent policy affecting the Hiss case as well.

The wiretapping offenses against due process that so offended two Federal courts in the Coplon case appear a pale patch to the wholesale invasions of privacy and intrusions into the defense in the Hiss case (and the use by the prosecution of information obtained through these violations may have predetermined the jury's verdict). The questions of Judge Richard Owen during the recent hearing provide few clues as to what the New York Federal Court in Manhattan will make of it. □

'Land' Is a Dirty Word in Paraguay

PENNY LERNOUX

Asunción

Alcibiades González Delvalle may well be the most dangerous man in Paraguay: fearless and incorruptible, the 43-year-old journalist has set the pace for an increasingly outspoken press in a traditionally closed society. Alone of Paraguay's institutions, the press dares question the corruption and repression of Gen. Alfredo Stroessner's twenty-six-year-old regime. Congress, the judiciary, political parties, unions, even sports clubs are tightly controlled by the Government; radio and television are censored.

But the anomaly of six relatively independent newspapers carries a price. González Delvalle is in his fourth month at Asunción's Tacumbú Prison on trumped-up charges of advocating disobedience to the country's laws in his exposés in *ABC Color*, the country's largest circulation paper. Last fall he spent forty-four days incommunicado as a result of an article he wrote about Government corruption. Two Asunción dailies, *La Tribuna* and *Ultima Hora*, were closed for a month in mid-1979 for criticizing the Government's handling of a flood disaster. The political editor of *ABC Color* was briefly imprisoned in March of this year; the former editor of *El Radical* faces a two-and-a-half-year prison sentence for publishing an article that described a local

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general's pillage of a peasant village. Roberto Thompson, former editor of *ABC Color*, was repeatedly arrested until he quit the paper and went into exile last year.

Despite such setbacks, the press has emerged as a genuine sounding board for a people with no other means of expression. As secretary general of the journalists' union and the most prestigious reporter in Paraguay, González Delvalle is a particular threat to the Stroessner regime, not only for his popularity but because of the class of people he represents. A tall, broad-shouldered man with the stoical air of the Guaraní Indian peasants, González Delvalle told me during an interview in the Tacumbú Prison that Government charges against him were an excuse to silence his exposés on the plight of Paraguay's peasants, who make up three-quarters of the three million population. Ever since he wrote his first series for *ABC Color* describing the exploitation of sugar cane workers on the large plantations in 1971, "I have been accused of Communist subversion," he said.

Given the judicial charades that pass for justice in Paraguay, González Delvalle has little hope of release without outside pressure. But while the U.S. State Department, U.S. Congressmen and high officials of the state of Kansas (Paraguay's "sister state") have protested to the Stroessner Government on his behalf, the reporter is still in Tacumbú. From the Government's viewpoint, there is little doubt that he is a "dangerous subversive," though not for the reasons given: González Delvalle's articles name names of cattle smugglers protected by the Government, corrupt land officials and local racketeers, and they are written with the passionate conviction of one who was born a peasant.

As the principal source of Paraguayan power and wealth, land ownership is a highly emotional issue, and anyone who questions the lopsided patterns of tenancy—1,500 large estates occupy 75 percent of the arable land—is likely to end up in jail, or worse. Paraguay's Interchurch Committee, for example, found that so long as it confined its human-rights campaign to the protest of torture, opposition remained minimal. "Many Paraguayans object to torture," explained a committee member. "Consequently, there was little adverse reaction, aside from some minor police harassment. But as soon as the committee began defending peasants' land rights, a major scandal ensued, with threats and accusations of 'Communist subversion.' Land is a raw nerve, and anyone who touches it must expect persecution."

A decade ago, that was not necessarily so. Large tracts of virgin territory in the Chaco and along the northern and eastern frontiers offered new opportunities for homesteading to peasants forced from their land in the more developed central and southeastern regions. Neighboring Argentina also provided an escape hatch for the population overflow (more than one million Paraguayans have left their country for political and economic reasons since Stroessner came to power in 1954). But the high cost of living in Argentina and the political terrorism of the late 1970s halted Paraguayan migration to a trickle. Highway programs in the Chaco and eastern Paraguay and the construction of the giant Itaipú hydroelectric complex near the Brazilian frontier quadrupled land values, and barbed wire, symbol of pending eviction to the peasants, fenced in the last frontiers.

Meanwhile, some 300,000 Brazilian colonists poured over the border to occupy fertile soybean lands along the Alto Paraná River. Many of the Brazilians were displaced in their own country by the expansion of agribusinesses which bought out small farmers, but the money from the sale of such farms was more than sufficient to enable these Brazilians to settle on cheaper, richer lands across the border. The Brazilian Government, which supports such colonization ventures as part of its policy of Manifest Destiny, provides credit and marketing facilities unavailable to the small Brazilian farmer in his own country. Once dirt poor, most of the Brazilian settlers now own modern farm machinery, a Jeep or truck and a comfortable house; they employ the Paraguayans as peon labor. Foreign corporations also have purchased large tracts of Paraguayan soybean land; Gulf and Western Industries, for example, owns 124,800 acres south of the city of Puerto Presidente Stroessner.

Although Paraguay's Rural Welfare Institute (I.B.R.) is supposed to look after the peasants' interests, for most of its twenty-year history the institute has served as a pork barrel for its own officials, army generals and Stroessner's cronies. One of the latter, the late Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza, had recently acquired 60,000 acres from the I.B.R. As chronicled by Gonzáles Delvalle and other Paraguayan journalists, the I.B.R. has repeatedly ignored the homesteaders' legal rights to unoccupied fiscal lands in order to make innocuous deals with Paraguayan and foreign speculators. Even when the peasants can prove ownership with I.B.R. documents, they are ignored by headquarters in Asunción, which often sells or assigns the same land to politically influential Paraguayans and foreigners. Local military and police then evict the peasants, burning huts and crops and arresting any who protest. "I.B.R.'s land records are in complete chaos," said an informed Western diplomatic source, who described Juan Manuel Frutos, I.B.R.'s director since its founding, as an "unprincipled fascist." He added that "Frutos always gives the same answer when asked why I.B.R. cannot settle land conflicts: 'The Communists are stirring up the peasants.' "

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Lately the peasants have been fighting back, because there is nowhere left to go when they are evicted from the last frontier. More than a dozen conflicts have erupted this year, most involving peasant members of Stroessner's own Colorado Party, which has long dominated national politics through a shrewd combination of carrot and stick. The conflicts have contributed to political disaffection among the peasants, who find themselves at the mercy of more powerful Colorado members who covet their land. "These injustices are planting the seeds of a class consciousness among the peasants that could eventually cost the Colorado Party its rural base," observed a member of the opposition Liberal Party.

Three months before his latest detention, González Delvalle wrote prophetically of the plight of 200 peasant families in the Acaray zone of the department of Alto Paraná in eastern Paraguay. Although the people had settled the land in 1972 and had I.B.R. documents proving their property rights, copies of the documents mysteriously disappeared from the institute's headquarters in Asunción in 1976. Then, Olga Mendoza de Ramos Giménez, the wife of a prominent general, announced her claim to the same land, although no title was produced. When the peasants refused to abandon the land, the general's wife appeared with truckloads of military police, who beat up the peasants and destroyed their huts and crops. Three homesteaders were jailed. Further acts of violence were committed against the peasants in 1979 and early 1980, when four more people were arrested. I.B.R. officials made no attempt to intervene.

The events at Acaray were not unusual: similar conflicts are in progress throughout Alto Paraná and in many parts of the neighboring departments of Caaguazú and Canendiyu. But one day last March the Acaray peasants lost patience. Armed with two revolvers and a rifle, twenty-two of them, including three youngsters, boarded a bus bound for Asunción and demanded at gunpoint to be taken to the capital to present their case to the authorities. It was a mad undertaking doomed to failure, and most of the Acaray peasant families refused to have anything to do with it. Sure enough, the bus was intercepted by the police, and in the subsequent shootout two policemen were injured. The peasants fled into the woodlands of Caaguazú.

The Government responded by sending in 5,000 soldiers, police and civil militia, with airplanes and helicopters, to hunt down the twenty-two peasants; thirteen were killed. All Acaray males over 15 years of age were arrested, and the region was sealed off by the military. Some 250 peasants in other parts of Caaguazú, Alto Paraná and the department of Misiones were also arrested, although they had no connection with the bus attack or the peasants at Acaray. The civil militia was given carte blanche to pillage the countryside, raping and robbing. While most of those arrested were later released, many peasants have been unable to return to their homes for fear of further reprisals. Thirteen people are on trial in Asunción, including an illiterate 13-year-old girl and the two teen-age sons of one of the peasant leaders, despite the youths' presence in another part of the country at the time of the bus incident.

As González Delvalle pointed out, the Acaray peasants had endured "imprisonment, beatings and the destruction of homes and crops." Eight years had passed, yet all the I.B.R. could say on the subject was that the peasants' land documents "had been misplaced." The peasants who seized the bus explained their desperation to the passengers: "We are farmers who have been driven from our land." "These peasants' case is but one of many," warned González Delvalle. "We should not make violent people out of peaceful farmers." □

Detroit

(Continued From Front Cover)

depressed communities. In other words, while the current downturn demonstrates that what is bad for the Big Three is bad for auto workers, the future may prove that what is good for the auto giants is disastrous for many of the people who work in the industry.

The scope of the industry's conversion is unprecedented. The U.S. auto makers will spend more than $80 billion by 1985 to bring out a radically new product at completely redesigned production facilities. The new models will be smaller, lighter, largely front-wheel-drive vehicles whose parts are manufactured by computer-controlled machine tools and assembled by increasing numbers of robots.

Nowhere are these trends more pronounced than at the mammoth General Motors Corporation. Robust despite a $412 million second-quarter loss, G.M. is accelerating its capital outlays by billions of dollars in the next few years, including a record $2.4 billion European expansion. G.M. is committing much of these considerable resources to a drove of alphabet-coded, downsized cars. Following the highly successful X car, the auto giant plans to introduce the J car, G.M.'s first truly world car, in the spring of 1981, and then bring out the S car, a mini-compact to be built first in Spain and then in the United States for the 1984 model year.

For the S car G.M. is seeking to slash its current fastest assembly time almost in half—from about eighteen hours on an average equipped Chevette to ten hours, according to internal company documents. By comparison, Chrysler Corporation's 1979 average assembly time was over thirty-six hours per vehicle. If G.M. achieves such a sizable reduction in direct labor hours—the result of smaller-size cars, more efficient production and automation—it could have a substantial impact on employment. In the projected S car plant, the corporation envisions a work force of only 750 direct labor employees per shift producing seventy-five cars per hour. This compares with about 2,000 workers per shift currently building fifty-eight mid-size cars

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per hour at G.M.'s Arlington, Texas, plant.

Downsizing also affects other operations such as manufacturing plants and foundries. Four-cylinder engines, for example, require the machining of only half the pistons, rings and valves of the once popular eight-cylinder models they replace. These smaller and lighter engines require less cast iron, and the need for less cast iron has already contributed to the closing of a number of iron foundries, including Chrysler's Huber Avenue foundry, built in Detroit in 1966. A recent survey by Arthur Andersen & Company, the accounting firm, predicts that the demand for iron castings may drop 53 percent in the next decade.

Other suppliers, already experiencing severe problems of their own, will be in for further shocks. The sagging steel industry, for example, contributes 20 percent of its output to auto production, and the new compacts, which weigh about one-half ton less than the models they replace, threaten to reduce demand. By the end of the decade, cars may use only 50 percent of the total steel they do today, according to Ford Company president Donald Petersen. "The requirement for less steel translates itself into closed open hearths and more depressed steel communities," says a Department of Transportation analyst.

The new models will consume more plastics, aluminum and computer-related components, but it is not clear how many jobs these new demands will generate, who will fill them, or whether, in the case of computer components, the jobs will even be located in the United States.

Changes in manufacturing technology are as far-reaching as changes in product and also mean potential trouble for U.S. workers. The tiny microprocessor—the heart of a computer on a sliver of silicon—is carrying automation to every corner of the industry, affecting design studios, engine plants, warehouses, foundries, tool rooms and assembly lines. G.M. president E. M. Estes predicts that 90 percent of the new machines G.M. buys will be computer-controlled by 1987. Utilizing the latest in technology, Ford plans to produce more than one million engines a year with about 3,000 workers at its recently renovated Dearborn engine plant, a $650 million investment for its new world cars—the Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx.

The auto makers already use sophisticated computer systems that slash the design and engineering time from concept to production. In systems such as G.M.'s Cadence (Computer Aided Design and Numerical Control Effort), designers sitting at cathode ray tubes electronically manipulate data that are then translated by computer-driven machines into the tools and dies that are vital to auto manufacture. These systems eliminate many operations altogether, such as drafting, and considerably pare the time on those tasks that remain. A less sophisticated version of the technology was responsible for cutting the design-to-prototype time by one-third on G.M.'s 1977 models. Systems such as Cadence integrate design and production engineering, hitherto separate and often warring operations. The result is cars expressly designed to be built by highly automated machines and processes.

The industrial robot is the most well known of these new machines. Used extensively in welding today, the robot can switch from one model to another with little more than new instructions, thus avoiding the expensive retooling which conventional forms of production require. As robotic technology matures, its economic advantages become more impressive. A $40,000 Unimate robot can work two shifts over an eight-year period at a cost that averages out to $4.80 per hour, compared with the current total hourly labor costs of $15 for the typical auto assembler.

Taking advantage of economies like these, Chrysler has recently installed the most advanced auto-body welding system in the United States—utilizing 128 robots—in its renovated plants in Newark, Delaware, and in Detroit. Of the 3,000 welding operations that go into making a 1981 Aries or Reliant K car, 98 percent are done automatically. This performance exceeds even the welding line at Datsun's fabled Zama plant in Japan, often incorrectly identified as a totally automated factory.

Although fewer than 1,000 robots are working in the auto industry at present, some industry sources expect G.M. alone to begin purchasing another 1,000 annually in the near future. And robots that go into service tomorrow will probably still be on the job in a decade, meaning that by then the robot population will be considerable. And after its working life is done, the robot—unlike its human counterpart—collects no retirement benefits.

Robot welders in use today can each displace three or four workers, and create comparatively few jobs for their repair and maintenance. At G.M.'s Lakewood, Georgia, plant, for example, one maintenance person can service six robots. Moreover, as the technology becomes more sophisticated, the new generation of robots will undoubtedly displace even more workers. Robots that "see" and "feel" will be plant tested by G.M. in the 1981 model year.

G.M. is considering using robots in every aspect of S car assembly, according to internal documents. The entire car will be made up of modular components so that robots can ultimately be used in the highly labor-intensive operations that are most difficult to automate. G.M. is evaluating the use of mechanical arms to install windshields and backlights in the trim area, and engines and transmissions in the chassis. Other functions such as painting and welding will be completely automated. Plans call for S car production to utilize other forms of computer technology as well. Computers will optically scan car bodies, control inventories and manage storage. Parts may even be loaded automatically at manufacturing plants and unloaded automatically at the assembly plant.

The highly flexible new computer technology can be used not only to coordinate production but also to control workers. The next generation of robots, for example, is targeted for light assembly jobs and machine loading—areas where workers currently exercise some control over work pace. G.M.'s Puma system (Programmable Universal Machines for Assembly) alternates workers and robots on an assembly line. People and mechanical arms are regarded as interchangeable, so that if a robot breaks down, a worker is

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inserted in its place. At Ford's new Batavia, Ohio, plant—a $500 million facility making automatic transmissions for Escorts and Lynxes—machine tools are linked to central computers and display screens in supervisors' offices for instant monitoring.

Not to be outdone by its healthier rivals, Chrysler is computerizing its hourly personnel and attendance records at seventeen plants. "This system provides each line supervisor with accurate and timely attendance information for each employee and provides the appropriate discipline for each unexcused absence," according to a productivity report Chrysler submitted to Congress in June. In addition, sickness and accident claims are also being centralized and monitored.

Despite using technology to monitor and control workers, the companies are emphasizing job enrichment programs to elicit worker cooperation. Moreover, G.M. is already discussing minimizing workers' job transfer and shift preference rights on the S car program even though it claims that worker involvement is a central element in its drive for quality. "Absentee control is a must," according to a company memo, "even if we have to pay higher rates to buy off contractual absenteeism [the paid days off the union has negotiated]."

In addition to new forms of automation in the plant, computer technology is changing the way the corporations operate on a global scale. Computers and telecommunications allow basic decisions to be made at corporate headquarters, while manufacturing is decentralized around the world to exploit low wages and other advantages abroad. Ford, for example, has just completed a new $10 million computer center in Dearborn, a suburb of Detroit. During the day, 5,000 Ford engineers and technicians across North America plug into the system, and at night their counterparts in England, Germany, Switzerland and Spain can have access to the same information and thus work on the same project. Responding to basic decisions made in Dearborn, Ford staffers throughout the world are able to relate to one another as if they were in the same room.

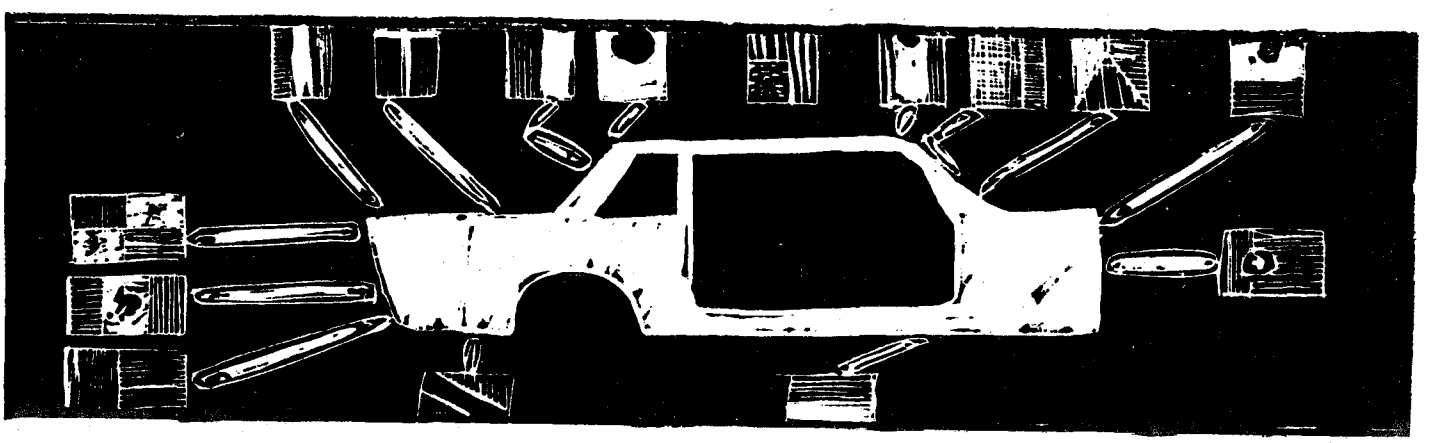
Ford's new world car is a product of this type of computer technology. Although Ford touts it as an "import fighter" in the United States, the car's parts are made in twelve countries throughout the world, from Yugoslavia to Brazil. "At the same time it is asking for restrictions on the importation of assembled vehicles, Ford is expanding its [own importation] of engines, transmissions and electronic components," William Niskanen Jr., Ford's former director of economics, told *The Wall Street Journal.* Ford recently signed an agreement with Toyo Kogyo, a Japanese auto maker in which it has a 25 percent interest, to produce all the manual transmissions for the Escort and Ford's future American-built front-wheel-drive cars. In addition, Escort cylinder heads will be cast in Italy, rear brakes manufactured in Brazil and steering gear produced in Britain.

G.M. will be producing four-cylinder engines for its world cars in five countries, with no single country producing more than one or two of the three engine types involved. This arrangement provides G.M. with considerable leverage should an unexpected strike or shutdown occur in any single country. The S car will utilize the highest percentage of foreign-made parts of any G.M. car, saving the corporation considerable tooling and labor costs in the United States.

The auto makers expect rapid growth in auto sales abroad in the coming decade, particularly in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Compelled by laws in many of these countries to carry on a certain portion of their manufacturing locally, the companies are seeking to maximize economies of scale. In effect, the low-wage rates and favorable government subsidies in the Third World will lower the auto makers' costs on a worldwide basis, enabling them to cut back jobs in higher-wage areas.

"If we are going to make the same types of vehicles universally, then we would like to see a greater commonality in components," maintains G.M. chairman Thomas A. Murphy. "And if we can do that, then we can use our production capability in many areas of the world and create a greater interchange of components back and forth."

The trend toward foreign "sourcing," as it is known in the industry, is illustrated by the scramble to build engine plants in Mexico. G.M. is erecting a facility capable of producing 500,000 six-cylinder engines per year; Chrysler is doubling the annual capacity of its yet uncompleted plant to 440,000 units; Ford is constructing a factory that will initially produce 500,000 or more engines, and Volkswagen has cancelled plans for a U.S. engine plant in favor of a 300,000 unit expansion of its present Mexican facility. The Mexican



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auto market, although growing rapidly, is not expected to exceed 500,000 cars annually by 1985, leaving a good portion of these 1,700,000 engines for export to the United States.

Ford has been caused considerable embarrassment by its plans to open a $365 million plant in Mexico. A series of confidential memos leaked to Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio predicted a substantial loss of jobs in the company's Cleveland and Lima plants, and suggested ways of fending off the resultant political protests.

The expense of building a world car to effectively penetrate these expanding new markets is considerable. The $660 million necessary to introduce a new model in a limited market can be more than doubled for a world car. Ford has already spent more than $3 billion on the Escort, which utilizes all new components. Capital-starved companies like Chrysler or American Motors are forced to go into partnership with stronger competitors overseas, such as Peugeot-Citroen and Renault. The widespread expectation is that the thirty independent auto producers in operation today will shrink to less than a dozen by the end of the century.

The companies that remain will be locked in a worldwide battle for every inch of available market. This intense competition may result in substantial overproduction as all the competitors are driven to maximize production in order to achieve maximum economies of scale. Eurofinance, a Paris-based research organization, projects that in 1985 six million cars will be produced for export while total import sales will be no more than 5.5 million.

This fierce competition—both worldwide and domestic—combined with a demand-weakening recession have created considerable short-term problems for the U.S. auto makers. Their inability to sell large cars has sapped their profits which were needed to finance the transition to small cars. Consequently, the auto makers may be compelled to raise $5 billion for changeover costs in outside credit markets.

In spite of these problems, auto making is no sunset industry. The central problem facing the manufacturers today is a failure in the marketplace, not in their technology or know-how. Although Chrysler's past management brought it to the point of collapse, G.M. remains healthy and Ford retains considerable international resources. Whether one argues that the auto companies were victims of market forces beyond their control or casualties of self-inflicted wounds resulting from shortsighted product planning, the traditionally high rates of productivity in the industry will probably soon take a sharp upward surge.

The troubled Chrysler Corporation is a case in point. In a report recently submitted to Congress, the company predicts that it will ship close to two million vehicles in 1983 built with 143 million direct labor hours. If the workweek stays the same, this means that Chrysler's pre-slump hourly employment of 115,000 will be reduced to about 80,000.

In the past, the rapid growth of the U.S. market has been an important counterbalance to trends that threatened employment. But, with a national fleet of 110 million cars and one or more vehicles in 83.5 percent of all households, this market may be nearing saturation. Although moderate growth will undoubtedly still occur, the cushion against job loss may have vanished. This could mean a grim future for many of the 250,000 workers on indefinite layoff at the Big Three and for the estimated 450,000 unemployed in the supplier industries. Moreover, most of these layoffs are concentrated in the Midwest—70 percent are in Michigan, Ohio, Missouri and Indiana—causing particular hardship and possible permanent damage to those auto-dependent states and communities.

The revolutionary changes in the auto industry pose serious problems for the United Auto Workers. In order to effectively meet these challenges, the union will have to win a voice in decisions concerning plant closings, new technology and investment—traditionally the exclusive prerogative of management. The introduction of new technology, for example, ought not to be considered an automatic or inevitable process but be subject to negotiation and possible veto. In order to avoid the incalculable personal pain and social cost of job loss, productivity gains could be shared by making the shorter workweek a precondition for the introduction of labor-saving machinery such as robots. The design and use of new technology would also be subject to bargaining in order to develop new systems that expand human potential rather than degrade it. In light of the considerable bargaining leverage world production gives the auto makers, close cooperation and strong ties among unions on a world scale become vital. The alternative is increasingly desperate struggles among workers in different countries.

A larger political solution is needed as well. The current debate on industrial policy has largely focused on capital formation, assuming that in a healthy economy the question of jobs will take care of itself. The rapid introduction of labor-saving technology, however, may mean that economic revitalization will not be accompanied by more jobs. Measures designed to create jobs or aid communities will be fully effective only if the money goes directly to the people affected rather than using the trickle-down approach of subsidies to the auto makers. Federal aid, for example, could enable abandoned or underutilized auto plants to be converted to produce products of use to the community under worker-community control.

If Government aid to the auto makers is required, it should be deliberately targeted so as not to destroy jobs and bring further havoc to already depressed communities. One example might be for the Government to enter into the production of key automotive components such as engines. In a public-auto-worker partnership—a Federal Engine Corporation—jobs could be created and located in high-unemployment areas rather than exported. Aid would come in the form of parts whose cost would reflect economies of scale and possible subsidies.

Nothing is inevitable or progressive about the restructuring of an industry that converts cyclical crisis into permanent job loss. In order to realize the benefits of the computer age, its course will have to be democratically directed, and its goal something other than corporate gain. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Alan Paton's Muted Cry

TAMAR JACOBY

TOWARDS THE MOUNTAIN. *By Alan Paton. Charles Scribner's Sons. 320 pp. $15.95.*

Alan Paton says that "the two decisive events" of his life were the publication of his best-selling first novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country* (Scribner's) and the election of President D. F. Malan, the leader of the Afrikaner National Party—the party that has since been responsible for bringing legal apartheid to South Africa. Both events took place in early 1948 when Paton was 45 years old. In June he resigned from his post as director of the Diepkloof Reformatory for delinquent African boys—a civil service job he felt he could not hold under the new Government—to devote himself to writing.

In this autobiography he describes the farewell party given in his honor by the staff of the school. Under Paton's own administration the party could not have been fully integrated, but the tables reserved for whites would have been placed within feet of the ones for blacks only and there would have been a few seats in between where those guests who wished could mix without constraint. The party given for him in 1948 was completely segregated: blacks and whites attended two separate functions held fifty to a hundred meters apart. He recalls, "I was full of rage, and sick at heart," but did nothing to express his anger and, after a few minutes at the black tables, he returned to his white guests on the other side of the yard. Perhaps most surprising, it still does not occur to him, as he looks back in 1980, that he might have said something to the Afrikaner vice principal who organized the party.

Of course, it can hardly be said that in the years since 1948 Paton has acquiesced in silence as the Nationalist Party tightened apartheid. He founded and presided over the oppositionist Liberal Party until a law prohibiting multiracial political organizations forced it to disband in 1968. Several million copies of *Cry, the Beloved Country* have been sold in the United States alone, introducing generations of schoolchildren to the racial injustice in South Africa. And Paton has continued to write freely: stories, essays and biographies of South African liberals that put forward his moderate, assimilationist view of the change that he feels is necessary in his country. In the 1960s he was considered so dangerous by the state that his telephone was tapped, his letters opened and, for a time, his passport withdrawn. And yet for many years he has also been criticized, both in South Africa and abroad, as an ineffectual liberal whose patronizing schemes for evolutionary reform have only diffused more virulent protest and thus contributed to the strengthening of apartheid.

Towards the Mountain is his account of the years leading up to 1948: of his upbringing and early teaching career, but also of "the birth and rise of Afrikaner nationalism" and of his own "slow awakening to the real nature of South African society." Paton looks back after more than thirty years at changes that have long been overtaken by events. And although here and there he is able to see the past in the harsh light cast by events since 1948—incidents like the shootings at Sharpeville or the Soweto riots—for the most part he has tried to describe his early life as it seemed to him at the time. He traces a growing tension between white South Africans—English-speaking and Afrikaner—but has little to say about the black or colored communities or their changing political views. And he describes his own gradual progress toward a moderate position that has less and less relevance in South Africa today: a story of unwitting political gestures and religious optimism and the intensely emotional reactions of a man whose disillusionment was outpaced by the degeneration of the society around him.

Paton grew up in the provincial city of Pietermaritzburg. His parents were of British descent, puritans of the Christadelphian sect: pious, frugal, authoritarian. It seems fitting that his account of his childhood has a Victorian ring. He writes of himself in the third person with a great show of candor and occasional priggishness, scrutinizing his early faith and confessing the smallest acts of mischief, from the theft of a toffee to his first awkward sexual encounters. For the most part, his school friends were as devout as he, also headed for the civil service. Many of them, including Paton, were loyal members of the British Toc H movement, a Christian brotherhood "with an emphasis on service." At the time it did not occur to him to question the rule that prevented nonwhite South Africans from joining the group. When he graduated from the university, he took a job in a provincial high school for white boys only. "In my childhood I had no conception of the complexity of our racial scene, of the political problems it created."

His earliest political notions grew directly from his puritan upbringing: it was the example of a deeply Christian school friend that taught him "that life must be used in the service of a cause greater than oneself"—although Paton had little idea at the time of what that cause would be. He still believed that it was possible for white and black and colored South Africans to live separately in what he now calls "a kind of peace": "The society for which I was beginning to feel responsible was a *white* society. I have no doubt that I knew there were other societies but I felt no responsibility for them."

The first step he took to overcome his own "exclusive race feeling"—the exclusiveness of the English-speaking community—was to learn Afrikaans. He still has great sympathy for the Afrikaners' feeling that they were a persecuted people and looks with a kind of rueful tolerance on the "fanatical" notions of race and cultural purity that their resentment produced. He eventually repudiated the Afrikaner cause in 1938, but his discussions of their history and tangled motives show a sophisticated political understanding that often seems missing from his comments on the tensions between black and white South Africans.

He first began to work with blacks in 1934 when he took over as principal of the Diepkloof Reformatory. He had applied for all four reformatory principal jobs available in the country that year, "hoping that I would not get Diepkloof." It was an accident that was to change his life. He spent thirteen years there, "turning a prison into a school,"

Tamar Jacoby has written for The New York Review of Books, Commonweal *and* The San Francisco Review of Books.

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often much to the alarm of the increasingly fearful and prejudiced white community he believed he was serving. He began with the simplest of reforms. Instead of punishing hundreds of boys each week, he abolished the rule against smoking and began to issue tobacco. The next step was to introduce a daily period of free play inside the reformatory walls; then Sunday afternoon walks throughout the grounds and, eventually, weekend home leaves. The staff learned to say "please" and "thank you" to the boys, and the barbed wire fence around the yard was taken down.

In the beginning, Paton was driven by a simple, humanitarian concern: the compassion of evangelical religion. But in South Africa his reforms were seen by many as dangerous political gestures. Before he left the school he was the subject of a derisive editorial signed by Hendrik Verwoerd—later the Prime Minister—attacking him as a deluded "fool" who tried to reform criminals by "pampering" them. Paton himself worried a good deal that the boys at Diepkloof would take advantage of his trust, as indeed many did, absconding from the school to commit new crimes in the surrounding white community. But he was determined to prove that "if you treat prisoners well, they'll treat you well too." His success at Diepkloof in the 1930s and 1940s confirmed his optimistic belief in the possibility of gradual social reform—the foundation of his liberalism.

Paton was not blind to his own paternalism or that of the other members of his staff, and he now writes with some poignancy of the "white people . . . engaged in black social work" who feel they must "hide their gentler natures behind fierce and frowning eyes." "In South Africa such a person is called a *kaffirboetie*"—a term of contempt that Paton explains with the help of the American expression, "nigger loving." But as he made clear in *Cry, the Beloved Country*, he had no reservations about this paternalism. And indeed his own benevolent reforms, like those of his character Jarvis, were rooted in genuine concern and considerable courage. Today he recognizes that the problems he faced at Diepkloof were perhaps more complex than he knew—particularly the problem of "a corrupting society" that might make it meaningless to talk about the "personal responsibility" of either delinquent boys or prejudiced whites. But not even these questions have undermined his fundamentally religious determination to devote his life to whatever small improvements he could bring about within that society.

World War II brought new challenges to bear on Paton's liberal views, intensifying the hostility between English-speaking South Africans and the Afrikaner nationalists who refused to join Britain in the fight against Hitler. Recalling these years, Paton muses about the proper course for a Christian to take in the face of violence—the dilemma of "black Christians" confronting the "institutional violence" of the South African regime. Today, he admits, "a black man may on moral grounds oppose to it a violence of his own." But Paton's own response has rarely been violent. In some cases his outrage is transposed to the grand emotional registers of *Cry, the Beloved Country*. In others it is simply brushed aside, seemingly forgotten in the intensity of his personal religious purpose as, again and again, he seems to take refuge in the belief "that the battle between good and evil is perennial [and] that the purpose of the good life is not to win the battle, but to wage it unceasingly."

It was not until the early 1940s, when Paton took part in an Anglican Diocesan Commission on the future of South Africa, that he finally gave up what he now calls "the irrational idea that one could maintain white supremacy and yet be just." He writes with humility of his own "ostrich-like mentality" and his new understanding that apartheid enslaves the white man along with the black. "It was the security of apartheid which, having done so much to destroy the happiness of black people, is now slowly and surely destroying the happiness of whites as well." Today he looks back candidly at the commission's proposals for a gradual extension of the franchise—a scheme that fell far short of the Liberal Party credo, "One man, one vote," that Paton supported in the 1950s. Writing about the commission he notes that "the proposals were revolutionary for that time, but they were very far from breaking the white monopoly of power," and adds with an unusual tough-minded edge, "Today they would be derided by all people not white."

But even in 1941, Paton's devout meliorism helped him close his eyes to the urgency of the situation in his

ON THE LAWN

Six years ago in Ohio we argued free will
versus fate as we weeded your garden
and hosed out a mole tunneling toward corn.
Your father walked out when you were thirteen
and everything you'd since done you called
an act and measure of your will.
At twelve, I killed a brother by accident,
my mother died soon after; my whole life
I sensed as a lugged burden
of the invisible and unforgiving dead.

Now we're sitting on a summer lawn in Maine.
The sun's out; it's the same argument
but I see it another way: you never
let the early hurt be felt and so
it governs you; I now admit I'm mostly
happy, even feel blessed among so many friends.
Hearing a sharp "thump" we investigate
and find a least flycatcher
stunned in the grass below a window.
I hold it in my palm: its small hot heart
beats so rapidly its whole body heaves.
We sit down and continue talking; the bird
lies there with one wing awry, shits in my hand,
stares up with a glazed eye. Ten minutes later
it pulls in its wing, tries to grip
with its tiny feet my too-large finger.
While we talk, joke, and argue
it suddenly flies, unwavering, away.

Gregory Orr

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country. He took no side in an argument between two other members of the commission about the likelihood of a far-reaching "change of will" among white South Africans. Paton comments evasively: "This debate, between Clayton's hope and Hoernlé's realism, fascinated me. I believed in them both, and at some time in my life I would have to synthesize them."

In 1948 Paton found a more urgent note in *Cry, the Beloved Country*—a book written hastily in hotel rooms during a tour of reform schools in Europe and the United States. Once outside South Africa he found he was overcome by "homesickness," but also by a deep indignation about conditions at home—a new political awareness grounded in intense emotion that he admits he has not felt since. He now writes about the book with a touch of self-congratulation, quoting at length from his own text and from admiring letters and reviews. And even today he does not question the paternalistic assumptions of the novel. Looking back in 1980, he says, with some pathos: "I do admit that my anger against injustice is not as violent as it used to be. . . . Does one become more resigned to evil as one grows older? I should with all my heart hope not."

Paton closes the memoir with a few brief comments on the years since 1948 and concludes, "This second part of my life I hope to write before I die." But by ending as he does with 1948, he stops short of the denouement that might give some force to the uncertain liberal notions that began to take form during the 1930s and 1940s—his own increasingly determined opposition to apartheid; his part in the founding of the multiracial Liberal Party in 1953; the bitter and futile political struggle of the 1960s; the despair of his later writings in the liberal journal *Contact*. All of this is missing from *Towards the Mountain*, the test that might prove his bravery and pragmatism, even though the Liberal Party met with little success.

Today it is perhaps easy to criticize Paton as a man of moderate views in a situation that admits of no moderate solution. It is easy to ignore not only his courage but also the example he set for others at a time when it seemed that small humanitarian adjustments were all that was needed in South Africa. But even today he shows only a faint and distant sense of the urgent need for change. And throughout he remains more concerned with the private side of the story—with a kind of parable of Christian conviction and sacrifice—than with the political realities at hand. In the end he seems to offer up his life as evidence that other white South Africans will eventually see it in their own interests to abandon apartheid. He still believes, in spite of all the signs, that they can recognize where those better interests lie. □

Highly Buoyant Satire

DAN WAKEFIELD

FLOATER. *By Calvin Trillin. Ticknor & Fields. 204 pp. $9.95.*

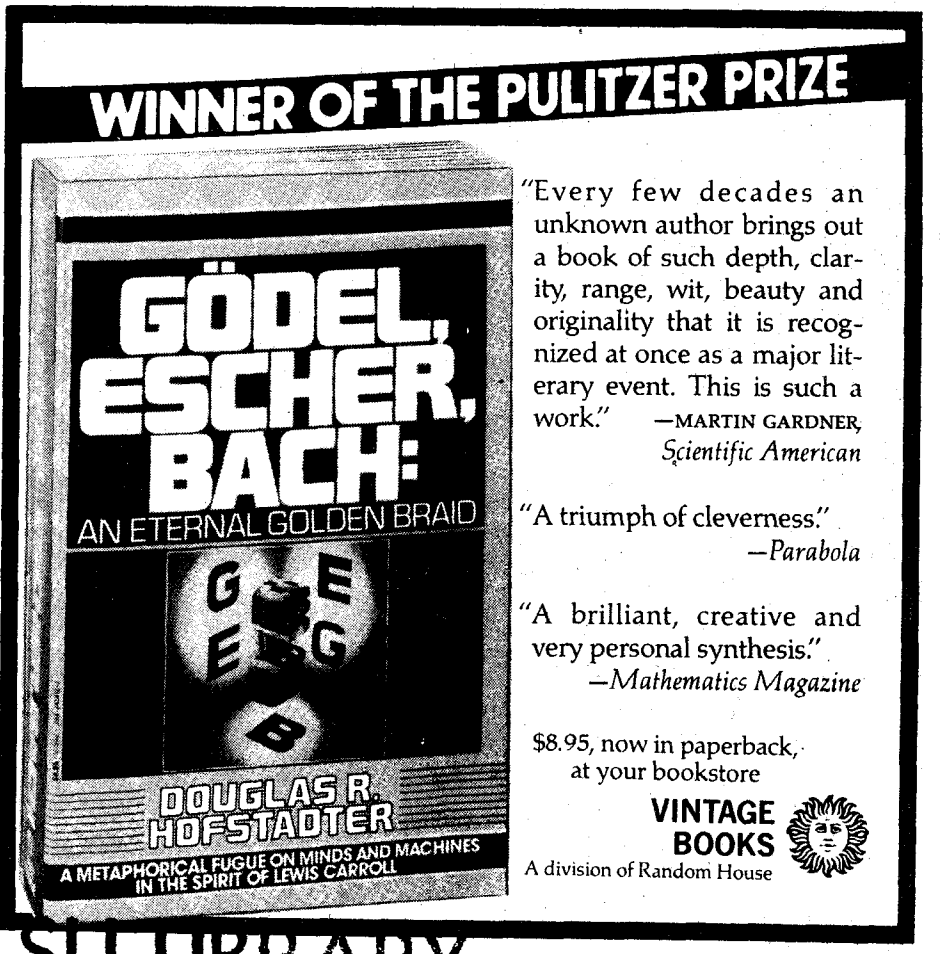
Calvin Trillin's new novel is fun to read. That does not mean it is a "fun read," which is the sort of coy hip-speak Trillin uses for purposes of satire, in a manner that needles both the jargon and the person who uses it.

Satire of the most skillful kind is the style of *Floater*, a novel about a national weekly newsmagazine whose name is never mentioned. Trillin, now a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and columnist for *The Nation*, author of fiction and nonfiction books, once worked for *Time* magazine and obviously knows the territory he is exploring.

The story centers on Fred Becker, who, in the terminology of the fictional magazine, is a "floater." This means that "he moved from section to section—acquiring an authoritative medical tone whenever Doc Kennedy was struck down by the symptoms of some rare ailment, becoming instantly knowledgeable in commercial matters when one of the Business writers was off tending his investments, plugging away at Religion while the regular Religion writer, Rob Rowan, was off for what eventually began to seem like eternity."

Becker likes this position of journalistic "utility man" and fears most of all being permanently trapped in one section (his particular nightmare is getting stuck in Foreign Affairs and writing about "an eternal Cyprus dispute").

Dan Wakefield's latest novels are Starting Over *and* Home Free *(both Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence).*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Rather than striving for upward mobility on the masthead, Becker prefers the horizontal movement that allows him to write about punk rock (Music) one week and the gross national product (Business) the next.

When Becker is leaked a dynamite news story he wonders what to do with it, since he is "not even exactly a reporter" but writes from reports filed by correspondents, findings of library researchers and "what he could manage to lift from the daily newspapers." The leak turns out to be phony, part of an elaborate, internecine power struggle at the magazine that is as unlikely as it is hilarious. The phony leak provides what little plot there is to the story and mainly serves as an excuse for setting up the zany editorial meetings, the Byzantine network of office gossip, staff martini lunches at the nearby Bamboo Gardens, the befuddled pretentiousness of pipe-smoking executives—in other words, the feel and flavor of life at such a weekly newsmagazine.

During most of the book, Becker is "floating" in the Lifestyle section, which requires his working on stories such as "Obscene Topiary" (bushes trimmed into shapes resembling parts of the human anatomy) and "two-thirds stockings," an alleged fad that calls for reports from bureaus across the country in an effort to determine whether these are stockings that go two-thirds of the way up the leg, two-thirds of the way to the knee, or are simply two-thirds of a regular stocking.

Such matters are discussed in depth at the Lifestyle meetings, presided over by Ed Smithers, the section editor, who hooks his feet on the table and sinks so low in his chair that his Bass Weejuns are the only part of him visible. When someone suggests a story on "people drowning in hot-tubs," Ed asks if it's a "trend." A staffer says, "It's more of a phenomenon than a trend." Ed wonders if they haven't already run such a story, but is told that last year they did one on "scalding in hot-tubs," but that was "a scalding piece, really, not a drowning piece."

Up in the executive suite, managing editor Woody Fenton (who is famous for his expletives marked on stories or spoken in time of crisis—"Golly," "Gosh" and "Jumping Jehoshaphat") is talking over the upcoming cover piece on the Secretary of State with Ralph Holbrook, who hopes someday to succeed Fenton and has emulated him by taking up pipe smoking and buying a home in Mamaroneck.

> "I love that boardroom they have at State," Fenton said. "One thing you've got to say for the guys at State, they know panelling."
>
> Holbrook nodded. "They're good at it," he said.

Whenever conversations or meetings at the magazine get to be too much for our man Becker, he tunes them out by "methods of concentration he had picked up while doing a business story on a Thai mystic who was also a plastics tycoon." Such are the rewards of "floating"! In addition to employing mystic methods to get through the day, Becker joins his fellow staffers in their main source of diversion: office gossip.

Andy Wolferman of the Sports section is known as "the most creative gossip on the magazine . . . a specialist on romance." No matter what out-of-the-way places a couple from the magazine may go to be unrecognized, the insidious Wolferman manages to find them, and then to report back to the gang at the office. He swears he never follows people from work, which could only mean he has "a phenomenal string of chance encounters" whose locations mount in number, variety and hilarity during the course of the story, including "the lingerie department of Bloomingdales—White Plains . . . a Portuguese restaurant near the Newark airport . . . a crab-cake stand on the Eastern Shore of Maryland . . . a jai alai fronton near Bridgeport."

Trillin's satire is sure and sharp but never mean-spirited. A kind of affection for the magazine comes through, and when Becker considers leaving it, he thinks how much he would miss the camaraderie, the gossip and stories and daily routines. But by then the office has come to seem to him "like some Caribbean harbor where everyone had known everyone else too long and for too many heart-to-hearts late at night after too many rums."

Trillin is one of those rare writers who possess grace as well as wit. □

Harold Clurman (1901-1980)

Harold Clurman would have been 79 on September 18, so the memorial service for him that afternoon was less funereal than celebratory—an emphasis he surely would have applauded. Some 1,000 people came to the Shubert Theater off Times Square to pay their respects and to hear tributes by more than a dozen of Harold's friends. Four of those eulogies follow: by Robert Hatch, who for many years was Harold's editor at The Nation*; by Irving Howe, the author and critic; by Arthur Miller, the playwright, and by Irwin Shaw, the novelist.*

Robert Hatch

In a 1956 review of *Uncle Vanya*, Harold wrote of Chekhov, "I am reminded of the ancient text: 'Upon the road I saw in the distance what looked like an animal. I went closer and it was a man; closer still I recognized my brother.' Chekhov triumphs because the gentleness and goodness of his soul, the wit of his understanding, the acuteness of his observation are so balanced, so loving, so unemphatically honest, probing, discreet, economical and impeccably true in taste and tone that every moment of his plays is transformed into the most penetrating poetry."

I was Harold's editor for about thirty years, first on *The New Republic*, then on *The Nation*, and in the past week I have been looking for a word to characterize our relationship. The one I came up with is "serene," and this surprised me because it is a bland term for anything associated with Harold, and because it is not one that I would expect to apply to the dialogue between writer and editor. Then I remembered that passage. Clurman and Chekhov were indeed brothers, and though that was not his intention, when I reread those words, Harold stood before me.

I won't say that he transformed every encounter into poetry, but he made each of them a moment of heightened awareness, giving one a sense of exhilaration. He had absolutely no conceit about his prose, but since he always hit on the important thing to say, he wrote well. So my editorial job was easy.

Occasionally, however, I would make a change in his text and the next day, when he had gotten the proofs, he would phone to ask me why. Not to challenge me, or resent the tampering but because he was genuinely interested to know what I had in mind. We would get to talking about shades of meaning, about grammar and what makes a sentence move. Technical stuff, mostly,

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but on Harold's part so engaging, so serious but lively, so generous and friendly, that I had to resist editing just for the pleasure of having him phone.

That is a prosaic example of how Harold conducted his life, but for that reason perhaps the more telling. He did not, like most of us, rise to the occasion; he was always up there, ready for the occasion to occur. Because of those qualities he saw in Chekhov—because he was gentle and good, witty of understanding and acute of observation—he gave style and content to every hour we spent with him. "When a play is well acted," he once wrote, "it means that a line of action has been found for it." Harold found that line as creatively in life as he did on the stage. It was a privilege to be his editor and the most joyous of experiences to be his friend.

—Robert Hatch

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It was at one of those brilliant private performances—remembrances of theatrical things past—which the Adler family, like the English nobility, used to give in the 1960s, that I first met Harold Clurman. His, as you may imagine, was the loudest voice at that not-exactly-subdued occasion, but also a voice full of tentativeness and self-mockery. By then Harold had largely come to the end of his career as director. During the years of his prime, when he should have been doing Ibsen and Shaw, Chekhov and Pirandello, there was apparently no room in America for the classic modern theater which was his deepest love. So—the theater's loss became literature's gain. But in saying this let me be candid enough to add that Harold was thereby deprived of the artistic fulfillment that should rightly have been his.

He became a first-rate critic. He mastered the art of the pungent 1,200-word essay, judging a performance and then moving into generalization about a writer, a style, a period—the kind of generalization in which a critic risks his neck, for there is no second chance. And then, in his Ibsen book, Harold brought his literary gifts to flowering: that book is firm, exact, true. About Torvald Helmer in *A Doll's House* Harold writes: ' he is not petty, only petty bourgeois." Ibsen's characters, he remarks, are intent on reaching "worthiness." "In the middle of the nineteenth century, the middle class held fast to an ideal of prettiness which it mistook for beauty." Through such quiet sentences, a director-critic brings to crystallization the reflections of a lifetime. And better still, in his book *On Directing*, especially in those wonderful "Director's Notes" at the end, where insight emerges stripped and bare.

Once, at (of course) the Russian Tea Room, I asked Harold why he shouted so loud. He laughed and said he'd just been to see his doctor, who mentioned difficulties with his heart and advised taking things easy, maybe even lowering his voice. In reply to the doctor, Harold said, he told him this story:

There was a Hasidic master who always shouted at the top of his lungs. His disciples asked why, you surely don't expect to change anybody in this world. Of course not, answered the master: I don't worry about changing *them*, I just want to make sure they don't change *me*.

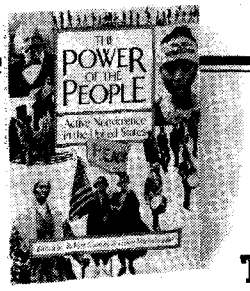
Nobody could change Harold Clurman. But was his story really a Hasidic story? I'm not sure. I like to think he made it up as a self-reflection on the costs of independence, the devices of integrity. I think of him in his final years as a character out of Stendhal, worldly and innocent, strong and vivacious, laughing his way to the end.

—Irving Howe

●

Perhaps it is enough that he had a long life and made so few enemies. I have felt for years that he had no peer among the theater critics and commentators in this country. He was one of the very few in that line of work who had no urge at all to compete with the artists whose talents he was estimating. I doubt there is a line in his reviews which is there mainly in order to draw attention to Harold Clurman. Above all, his comments were usable and at the same time related to an esthetic ideal.

Yet it ought to be said, I think, that in all justice, criticism should have been his avocation rather than the main work, along with lecturing, of the last third of his life. Harold Clurman should have been at the head of an American National Theater; he should have been in a position to use his judgment, his taste, his learning and his zeal, and to use himself as a maker of new productions, an inspiration for actors and a visionary to stiffen the spines of writers with his yearning for theater-as-prophecy. I cannot think of another instance where it was society that so clear-



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ly failed a man who had in him a tremendous potential for the public good.

As it is he created not an institution but a legend of hopes unrealized and ideals of art barely dreamed of by our theater. It is truly amazing that his gift, left to itself as it for the most part was, did not wither inside him but was spread out for us all to share. And at least that much is exactly as it should be, for Harold loved the world.—Arthur Miller

●

Dear Friends—I regret that I cannot be here with you to honor the memory of Harold Clurman. I said goodbye to him a few days ago in his hospital room. Typically, he did not speak of dying or farewells but asked instead what my new novel was about. It reminded me of a time long ago in California when the novelist and screenwriter, Peter Viertel, and I were waiting in a restaurant to have dinner with Harold. He burst into the room and even before sitting down at the table brushed the menu aside and said, "Let's not waste time talking about food or the weather or the movies. Let's discuss the novels of Dostoyevsky. Which ones do you like best and why?" Art came first for Harold and everything else, including dinner and dying, could wait.

Harold summed up his own life in the title of his book about the group theater—*The Fervent Years*. He used it only to describe the years of the existence of the group, but from his youth to his last days he lived fervently. Everything he touched, he touched with passion. It made him seem young even when he was an old man and walking slowly with the aid of a cane. I knew him first when I was 22 and he must have been about 34 or 35, but I felt that he was my precociously wise and gifted contemporary. Through the years he seemed to remain ageless, kept young by an ever-renewed enthusiasm. His wild harangues on acting, politics, drama, sex, theater, which he delivered wherever he happened to be—backstage, at Sardi's, in hotel rooms on the road with a play in Boston or Washington, at the Russian Tea Room, on the movie sets in Hollywood—all came out in the same tumbled flood of words and with the same unflagging zest and wisdom.

But when it came to writing about the theater he was beautifully logical. What his writing revealed was a cool classic sense of order, a generous sympathy with the problems of actors and playwrights and directors that he did not allow to sway his penetrating judgments on the work they did. Once, when he had written that a certain playwright was second-rate and was rebuked for the statement by a friend of the writer, he defended himself by saying, "If we consider Shakespeare and Sophocles first-rate, what dishonor is it to be called second-rate?" His reply says much about the quality of his mind as well as his verbal agility.

The best thing I ever did for the American theater was to convince him to take my place as the critic for *The New Republic*. When we think of the brilliance of the articles he wrote for that magazine and for *The Nation* as their drama critic, all of us who are devoted to the theater must give heartfelt thanks for that inspired substitution.

Although he was always the most congenial of companions, going to the theater with Harold could sometimes be trying. There are some plays that lie dead in the water from the opening lines and are so boring to sit through that one squirms during what seems an eternity of torture. But when you went with Harold you could not wrench him away from his seat. While the curtain was up he always felt there might be one second, at least, when an actor might read a line in an original and touching way, one movement that would show that the director had a brief spark of genius. When I would grumble and implore him to leave with me, Harold would invariably say, "Just one more act. . . ."

His life was like that, too. I can imagine him in his last moments saying to God, "Just one more act. . . ."

Old friend, old teacher, you have given us much. I thank you for it as I say goodbye. —Irwin Shaw

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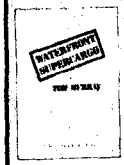

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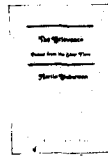

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THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

Reverse Psychology

In one of his last pieces for this magazine, Harold Clurman wrote, "A *theater* is the projection of a spirit, a style, a technique embodying a specific cultural attitude, a social direction and meaning, a 'face' which corresponds or responds to some deeply rooted hope, hunger, anxiety or preoccupation of a sizable part of the community within which it functions." Charles Ludlam is one of the few Americans who has been able to establish and maintain a "theater" in Clurman's sense.

For the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, which he founded thirteen years ago, Ludlam is house playwright, director and leading actor. His endeavor, in all these capacities, seems to be to refract theatrical and cinematic traditions through the lens of that special kind of gay sensibility that is characterized by frantic frivolity, by an underlying deep bitterness and by a relish for the grotesque, especially the sexually grotesque. Ludlam's is a theater of travesty in more ways than one. To my great regret, I never saw his famous performance as Camille, in hairy-chested drag décolletage, but I remember him vividly as a scientist maniacally seeking to invent a "third genital." The Ridiculous Theatrical Company ridicules almost everything, especially sexual behavior. It is more than dubious about everybody's motives. It will not be serious. It seeks instead to be outrageous.

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Ludlam's company has always included women as well as men, and "the community within which it functions" is not so much the gay world as the world of avant-garde theater. The company's grinning "face" is always very distinct, but it seems eager to show that face to whoever wishes to see it, either on tour (I once found Ludlam performing for a group of college students on a field trip at the Variety Arts Theater in Los Angeles) or at the little Ridiculous headquarters at One Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village.

The appeal of Ludlam's work to a gay audience is not difficult to understand. Homosexuals have been mocked for so long; here onstage they can see all sorts of behavior dissolved together in mockery. No one need feel grotesque where grotesquerie is the order of the day; nobody can be stigmatized as deviant where everybody is as deviant as everybody else. And perhaps in a gay context there is something especially bracing in Ludlam's refusal of sentimentality, which places him at the opposite pole from another kind of gay sensibility. Tennessee Williams is constantly calling, begging, for compassion; in Ludlam's world there is usually no compassion—as so often in the real world there has been none for homosexuals—and people manage to get along without it.

But homosexuals have no monopoly on alienation. Straights as well as gays are now extensively involved in the great struggle to replace "Thou shalt not" with "Anything goes," especially in matters sexual. Guilt being as strong in us as we know it to be, it is no wonder that this attempt makes many people feel very nervous, very isolated. The fantastic sexual carryings-on in Ludlam's theater make just about anything that happens in real life seem mild. I think Ludlam's outrageousness gives people courage.

Moreover, while other gay parodists tend to concern themselves obsessively with old movies and iconic big-mama superstars, Ludlam finds his material through a genuine love and knowledge of theatrical tradition, both popular and literary. To him people may be more than dubious, but theater has real value; he does not seek to destroy its traditions but to make them his own. *Professor Bedlam's Punch and Judy*, his splendid little one-man puppet show for children, rejoices in the merry violence and cynicism—so akin to Ludlam's own temperament—that are central to the Punch and Judy tradition. There is witty stuff in *The Ventriloquist's Wife*, in which Ludlam's dummy, Walter Ego, becomes even more sinister than Ludlam himself.

And yet I have mixed feelings about Ludlam's work. His new piece, *Reverse Psychology*, amounts to very little. The doughty author-director who has parodied Marlowe, Shakespeare and Wagner here subdues himself to the limits of twentieth-century sex farce. Dr. Leonard Silver (played by Ludlam) is married to Dr. Karen Gold; both are psychiatrists. Leonard is carrying on with Eleanor, who turns out to be Karen's patient; Karen is carrying on with Freddie, who is Leonard's patient and Eleanor's husband. The complications are endlessy tedious, the satire on psychiatry is rudimentary and hackneyed: "You two are supposed to be psychiatrists, but you're crazier than we are!" "Freddie spent five years in the fourth grade, or was it four years in the fifth grade?" "This isn't a marriage, it's a mirage." Though the self-conscious writing and acting put everything in quotation marks, *Reverse*

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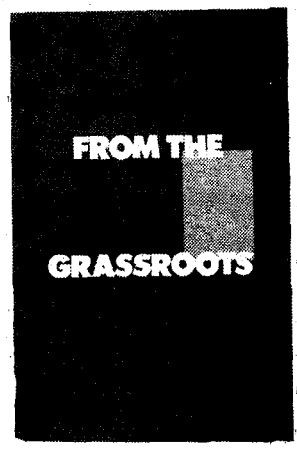

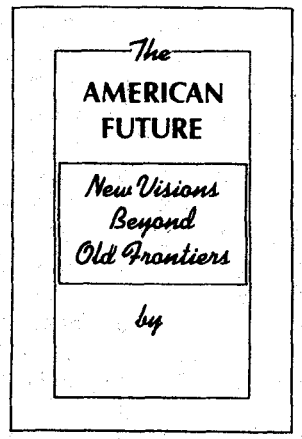

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Psychology is not really a parody; it comes nearer to being a crude imitation of a bad old-fashioned Broadway flop. Only for a few minutes in the second act, when the other three members of the cast—two women and a man in drag—hurl themselves lustfully at Ludlam, is there a hint of the old Ridiculous extravagance.

But even the old Ridiculous extravagance has not, in my experience, been free of this company's characteristic failings. Ridiculous writing and Ridiculous acting are typically noisy, strained, clumsy, often desperately lacking in wit. Ludlam himself—small, dark, bald, satanically bearded, with his evil scowl and his febrile bray—is an interesting performer, but the rest. . . ! Perhaps that is why I prefer his solo work.

Clurman says of the true "theater" that "Its very idea of craft, its methods and its manner of organization are calculated to voice its human aim." This is true of Ludlam's theater. The noisy crudeness of its work is not inadvertent; it is part of the giddy anarchy that is the company's "human aim." But badness on purpose is not, in effect, much better than badness of any other kind. It dulls and diffuses the company's impact. Where would the Ridiculous Theatrical Company be if Ludlam's critics and audiences demanded more from him—higher standards, less self-indulgence, more discipline in his anarchy—and he in turn demanded more from himself and his colleagues? We will presumably never know. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Ordinary People
Divine Madness

Robert Redford chose a difficult subject for his debut as a director and made of it a serious and absorbing, if not entirely successful, film. *Ordinary People*, based on the novel by Judith Guest (screenplay by Alvin Sargent), is difficult because it deals directly with mental illness. Characters with minds unhinged have been part of the theater since its beginnings, but drama in which the nature of the illness and the progress of its treatment are the central concerns have become common only in our time. And the problem that arises is that the needs of drama do not necessarily coincide with psychological analysis. The tendency, therefore, is to assign melodramatic causes to such illness and to treat it with a rapid precision that reduces psychoanalysis to exorcism. To be widely successful a film must be vivid, but the ways of neurosis are murky.

Redford deals well with this awkwardness by probing sensitively into the complexities of a prosperous, normally effective and traditionally reticent family that has come under stress. In brief, the story is that Conrad Jarrett, younger son of a Chicago tax lawyer, having been overshadowed all his childhood by Buck, his more obviously attractive and successful older brother, is so devastated by feelings of guilt and insecurity when Buck drowns in a storm that capsizes their boat that he attempts suicide. When we meet him he has recently been released from a hospital, but he is still so withdrawn, sheltering so pathetically behind evasions and platitudes, that he and his parents cannot communicate and he resists the tentative overtures of his school friends. His wrists have healed, but he is far from well.

Dr. Berger (Judd Hirsch) accepts Conrad (Timothy Hutton) as a patient and, by applying a psychiatric technique so direct that it sometimes looks like Swedish massage, attempts to break open the boy's emotional logjam. Conrad is also nudged back toward life by a girl in his class (Elizabeth McGovern), who, fortunately for him, has the great asset of not walking on eggs.

The power of the film, its capacity to get under your skin, stems from the richness of feeling that McGovern conveys in her relatively brief part, and

MIDWINTER STARS

The trees across the street have loved me
in your absence. The Polestar, caught by branches
of the front yard elm, blurs
when I look at it directly and passes
through midwinter slower than other stars.
Whenever you came by, the forest

filled with signs. A pocket in soft grass
meant resting deer. Hoofprints in the sand
lead through brush and fallen leaves
to even dimmer trails. I hated all my rooms.
The lonely light, absurd.
I warmed your shoulders one late November storm

and trees sang in minor chords.
Aware of dawn before it came, you woke,
smiled into clothes, juggled with coffee,
then drove away. I watched shadows turn
from indigo to grey.
Like other obsessions, this will change,

yet my arm was happy, numb
with all your weight. I learned the easy signs;
cloud cover, tracking snow.
I fell with every flake and wanted to drape
over trees, into city blocks, on those corners
where you bought beer, over cars and bridges

in the namesake of despair.
There are places I have never felt at ease,
where something taps against the glass,
the blackjack of a cop and bitter lives.
Who the hunter, who the hunted, who survives?
this cold circuit wobbles without rest.

I never could accept beginning or end.
You'll find on the other side of winter
crocus trembling in a bountiful dawn.
I plan to join the deer,
for in this dark, the trees bar my window
and not one shadow moves.

Roberta Hill

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much more from the complexity of personality conveyed by Hutton and by Donald Sutherland as Conrad's father. Under Redford's guidance, Hutton fights against his character's apathetic misery, showing flashes of a former charm and wit beneath his pallid mask, thus drawing you to the boy. Sutherland's Calvin Jarrett is a man who sees more than he dares to contemplate and who tries to bridge that gulf with a queasy cheerfulness. I suffered for him and wanted to kick him; more important, I felt sure I'd run into him somewhere in the past.

In the persons of the doctor and the mother the picture falters; I felt that plot had taken over from character. Hirsch makes an attractive man of Berger; indeed, his attractiveness dominates the scenes with Conrad, turning the sessions into star turns for humane omniscience. Psychoanalysis may be a science or it may be an art, but it is not a dialogue of thrusts and responses that snap together into a sturdy structure as gratifying as a do-it-yourself furniture kit.

Worse still, whereas the rest of the cast, including minor members, were given people to play, Mary Tyler Moore seems to have been handed a type. No doubt there are such women—competent, cold and selfish to the point of stupidity—though my experience has been that when you get to know anyone of this sort, you find cracks in the varnish. Anyhow, playing against Hutton and Sutherland, Moore has no resonance. The father and son are arresting because their relationship is ambivalent and dynamic; one is never sure what they will do. But very soon you get to know what Beth Jarrett will do—she will put a knee in someone's stomach. Other characters offer clues to the source of her awfulness, but in her own person she seems awful by decision of the management. The effect, whenever she holds the stage, is to reduce the film to soap opera. I don't know whether this collapse of tone is the fault of the novelist, the director or the actress, but it illustrates what I mean about the problem of working too directly with psychological distress. Beth is in the story to supply the objective punches in an otherwise predominantly subjective situation; but when she does so, she knocks the story out of focus. Eventually her husband sends her packing (an act which in itself seemed to me improbable; I'm not a great believer in sudden implacability after a lifetime of compromise) and the story ends.

So *Ordinary People* is a success only up to a point. However, the father and son stick in my mind; they justify the somewhat bitter title.

I stared at *Divine Madness* for just over an hour, wondering what I could possibly say about Bette Midler's capacity for self-degradation and her public's enthusiasm for the spectacle. I don't belittle Midler's showmanship; she is a high priestess of garbage—visual, musical and, especially, sexual—but I can't understand why an obviously intelligent and potentially attractive woman wants to behave that way, and I am dismayed that there is a market for such stuff. That's hardly the basis for a review.

However, in the middle of one of her dirty-joke recitals (her line is that these specimens are really too disgusting for public airing, but that the audience is forcing them from her reluctant lips), I suddenly realized that what I was watching was not a movie but a filmed stage show, which category of the performing arts is outside my territory. I got up in haste and went home. □

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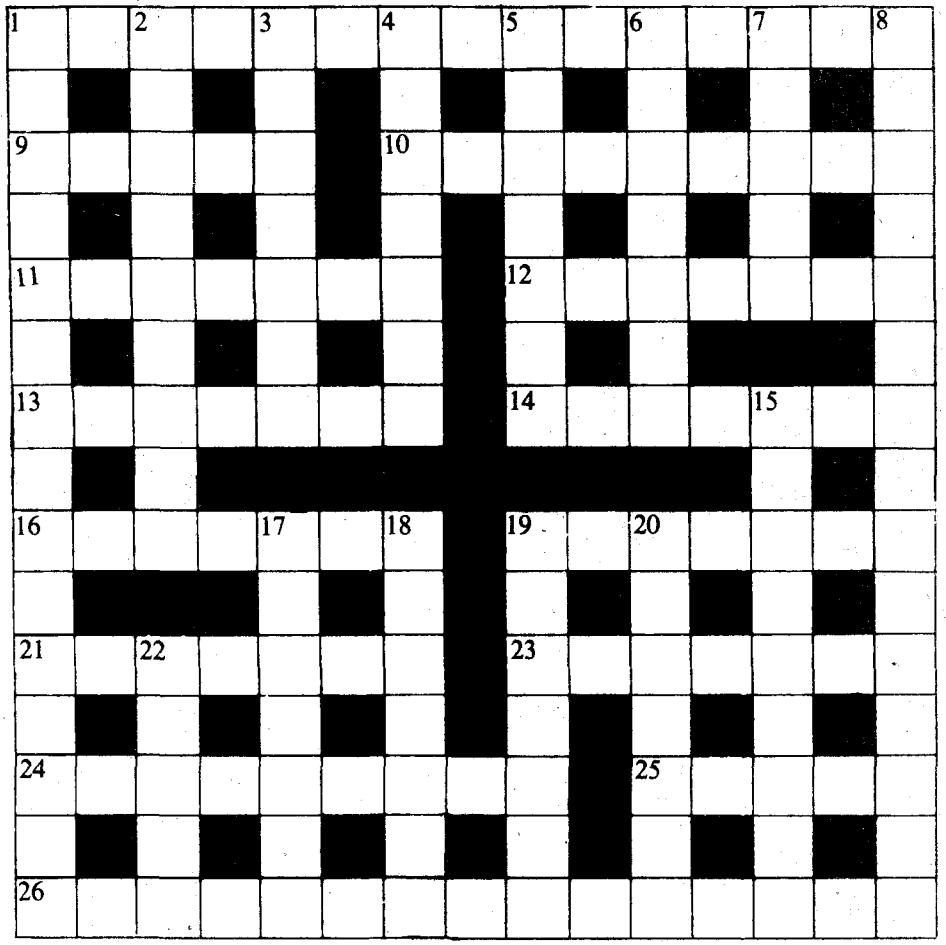

ACROSS

1 Well-known Australian dancer—one with an accompanying suggestion. (8,7)
9 What might be charged with first-class return in Asia Minor and adjacent islands. (5)
10 Went on strike, perhaps, though possibly the wolf faked it. (6,3)
11 Pie does, but that's not the whole story! (7)
12 Where in France water is distilled to last longer. (7)
13 Is the position of the Bishop to look above things? (7)
14 Danny Deever had his cut away. (7)
16 The Muses were. (7)
19 Artist of the epic "As Songs Are Made"? (7)
21 One does with the cold, perhaps. (7)
23 Some dogs are good, but they might betray you. (7)
24 Your affection might be when Daniel got confused and took a meal inside. (9)
25 The diamond should be in such good shape. (5)
26 Not really the Bourse—though it means money overseas. (7,8)

DOWN

1 Not what the President's flag flies on—but you might have to go through it to see him. (5,5,5)
2 Characteristic of the horse in *Jingle Bells*. (9)
3 Were the Jews who tried to expel the Romans from Palestine? (7)
4 Presently present, or completely unlocatable? (7)
5 Cuts grass about 45 inches or so—and becomes more genial. (7)
6 Change the rate of entertainment, possibly. (7)
7 Lose nothing inside it, since it's free. (5)
8 If you go this way into a circle, you can only reach the middle. (2,3,2,8)
15 Alternatively stick up? (5,4)
17 The Turkish chief, fending for others, bears this title. (7)
18 Like Willie Winkie in the gun, you can do it with honey. (7)
19 It may be true, but it seems funny to give equal notice to a draft animal. (7)
20 One might 21 with this—excessively so. (7)
22 Not so hot, to put it mildly! (5)

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ACROSS: 1 Songstress; 6 Imam; 10 Anthems; 11 Poodles; 12 War party; 13 Issue; 15 Tidal; 17 Integrate; 19 and 21 Rule out of order; 23 Casca; 24 Boy scout; 27 Infidel; 28 Unlatch; 29 Nile; 30 Esplanades. DOWN: 1 and 14 Star attraction; 2 and 24 down Nuts and bolts; 3 Sleep; 4 Restraint; 5 Sepoy; 7 Melissa; 8 Musketeers; 9 Coming to; 16 Leotards; 18 Taffy-pull; 20 Lustful; 22 Doubted; 25 Colon; 26 Thus.

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